The Outlook

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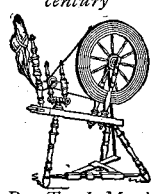

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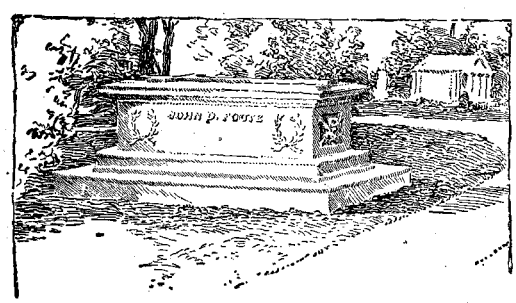

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1907

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The Government and Niagara Falls

In an editorial paragraph in The Outlook of two weeks ago an injustice was done to the Niagara Falls Power Company. As Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, the counsel who appeared before Secretary Taft on behalf of that company, states in a letter on another page, the disgraceful conditions which Secretary Taft seeks to remove are not in any degree chargeable to the Niagara Falls Power Company. The Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company, an entirely distinct concern, is solely responsible for the defacement of the beauty of the gorge at the point in question. The Niagara Falls Power Company has made commendable and successful efforts to erect its buildings and maintain its grounds in a form attractive to the eye and appropriate to their situation. It is fair that this effort of the Niagara Falls Power Company to preserve as far as possible the æsthetic beauty of Niagara should be recognized. It must also be admitted that there are those, like Mr. H. G. Wells, the English Socialist, who believe that Niagara Falls harnessed to the industrial service of all the people is a nobler spectacle than the splendid untouched waterfall of the days of the French explorers. It is also true, as Mr. Stetson intimates, that æsthetic, moral, or social reformers ought scrupulously to refrain from employing subterfuges or evasion. But there is left the main issue, as The Outlook sees it, of the Niagara contest, an issue which is much broader and more fundamental than the question of the industrial development of Niagara Falls. Are the statutory rights in private property superior to the right of the people through the State to regulate the uses of that private property so that it shall not infringe upon the public welfare? If Niagara Falls is to become primarily a source of industrial power, the public has a right, both moral and legal, to regulate that development in the interest of the whole people. When public rights and private rights come into collision, the inevitable limitations of the latter cannot be called spoliations.

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America and the Sixth Commandment

Is life reasonably safe in the United States? In an address at Nashville, Tennessee, last week Judge Thomas, of Alabama, gave many figures which are far from reassuring. He compared the homicides in this country with the homicides in other civilized lands in proportion to population. Taking the figures for 1905, in Australia there were 20 homicides per million inhabitants; in England and Wales, 8.4 per million; in Japan, 14 per million; in the Dominion of Canada, our neighbor, 12.4 per million. In Germany, in 1899, the number was 4.6. It is shameful to discover, in the light of these figures, that in the United States the number of homicides per million inhabitants was, in 1905, 115, and in 1906, 118. Only Italy among European nations has a worse record, and we have to go back several years to find it. Moreover, while in Italy the proportion of homicides has been decreasing, in the United States it has been increasing, until it now surpasses that of Italy. The United States seems to be approaching the standard of Mexico, where people kill one another at the rate of 142.1 per million. Even there vast improvement has been made. The United States seems to be the only civilized country (with the exception of the Dominion of Canada) where homicides are actually increasing, as it is the country with the worst record in homicides

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among the nations of first rank. What is the cause? Judge Thomas convincingly eliminates climate, national traits, racial characteristics, forms of government, illiteracy, density of population. Two obvious explanations rise to almost every American's mind. One is the vast number of foreign-born people in this land. It is easy to lay homicides to the door of the immigrant. Judge Thomas presents figures which seem to acquit the alien element. Some of the facts bearing on this point are stated by Judge Thomas as follows:

> The South is not affected by it. In New England, Vermont and New Hampshire, with the lowest rate of homicides, have most immigrant and emigrant classes; Connecticut, with twice the rate of homicide as Massachusetts, has about the same rate of mixed population; and Rhode Island, with about three times the rate of homicide of Connecticut, does not exceed it by ten per cent. of immigrant and emigrant people, and has less of this element than Vermont and New Hampshire, yet has eleven times their rate of homicides. Nevada with the highest and Vermont the lowest rate of homicide have emigrant and immigrant populations within ten per cent. of each other. In the Pacific States the proportion of homicides and immigrant and emigrant people seem to have little relation. Nevada, with four times the rate of homicides of Wyoming, has the same rate of mixed population. Colorado, with more than twice as many homicides as Washington, has the same rate of mixed people.

The other obvious retort is that the negro is responsible. It is true that the negro population is more guilty than the white; but Judge Thomas makes this rejoinder:

> If one should charge to the negro five-sixths and to the whites one-sixth of the homicides committed, as stated by Lombroso, there would be 1,976 homicides annually that he admits were committed by the whites; and if then we deduct the negro population from the total population, it would still give the whites a rate per million of more than Austria or Belgium, five times as much as Germany, three times that of England, and twice that of France or Japan. However, the fact is that there were 4,425 white homicidal prisoners, at the time given above, to a white population of 66,990,000, or sixty-six white homicidal prisoners per million white population, which is three times (or more) as bad as that of most European countries except Italy and Spain, and exceeds that of Spain by thirty-two per cent.

Judge Thomas thus refutes the arguments of those who ascribe the prevalence of homicide in the United States to the immigrant and the negro.

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The Reasons for America's Bad Record

In a single phrase may be stated the real cause, as Judge Thomas finds it, for the unenviable eminence of the United States in homicides. It is "excessive individualism." Where the people are sensitive to their duties to society, homicides are few; where the people are unrestrained by what may be called social conscience, and are swayed by personal considerations, homicides are numerous. This excessive individualism is exhibited in many forms. It shows itself in those courts that emphasize technicalities for the defense of accused individuals at a great cost to society; it shows itself in those juries that are swayed by sentimentality in seeing, for instance, the grief or suffering of a guilty prisoner's wife and are heedless of the danger to society involved in the freeing of the prisoner; it shows itself in the "pistol habit" of the West and the South, and of communities in other sections; it shows itself in the pardons granted by Governors in response to pathetic appeals or as a result of fear that the convict's guilt may not have been mathematically demonstrated. Judge Thomas recalls the escape of criminals on such grounds as these: because of "an old soldier father;" because the prisoner's mother had become insane; because the prisoner's little son had pleaded for him; because the prisoner was a woman. Have not low standards of honor and duty toward society, Judge Thomas inquires, "taken shape in organic and statute law, now directing, now restraining, the enforcement?" Judge Thomas looks over the "bird's-eye view of American life as given by the Chicago Daily Tribune," and notes the vast increase in manufactures, in trade, and in products of the soil, the concomitant "large increase in robberies, larcenies, and embezzlements, homicides and suicides of alarming number," and "no proportionate general increase in the last twenty-six years in the number of legal hangings;" and he comments: "We can but be impressed

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that when the individual is pursuing selfish ends he has been very active, and where doing for the general good or supposed general good he has been passive." No more serious criticism of the American people has ever been delivered than this. Unhappily, it seems to be only too easily corroborated. The easy good nature of Americans with regard to all public matters is daily demonstrated. It has encouraged the political boss, it has permitted the growth of corrupting corporations, it has allowed the vile tenements to exist, it has complacently watched the despoiling of forests, it has ignored menaces to life on our railways, and, as Judge Thomas convincingly shows, this deadly good nature, this soft-hearted, soft-headed willingness to let public matters wait on private preferences, is more than anything else responsible for crimes of violence. The sermon that Judge Thomas preaches is not of the sort that smug congregations call "enjoyable." We wish that many might hear it, and of those who hear that many might heed.

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The Chicago Epidemic

The most serious epidemic of disease that has afflicted Chicago and its suburbs within the last fifteen years seems now to be subsiding after a continuance of three weeks. Scarlet fever has been most prevalent, the number of cases of that ailment approximating six thousand in the city, according to physicians' reports to the Department of Health. Of diphtheria cases the number has been somewhat less than twenty-five hundred in the same three weeks. In a minor degree, measles has been epidemic. One bright spot in the record for a city that has boasted for years of its freedom from contagion and preventable disease is the fact that the type of disease has been "light." Since the first of January to the middle of last week the total number of deaths from scarlet fever has been 149; from diphtheria, 98. Health officials point to the fact, by way of contrast, that during the first month of the year 592 persons died of pneumonia and 326 of consumption. More, they say, died of cancer than of diphtheria. Nevertheless the alarm has been a real one. Many families have taken their children out of town; thousands have kept their children out of schools; a few church services have been stopped; many social gatherings have been abandoned; and in some of the parks even skating has been discouraged because the congregating of the young was deemed unadvisable. The seriousness of the epidemic was no sooner realized by the people than there fell upon the Chicago Health Commissioner and his staff an avalanche of criticism and complaint. It fell to the lot of the health authorities of two suburbs—Evanston and Oak Park—to grasp the situation before Chicago officials awoke to it. In Evanston it was found that nearly all of one hundred and forty cases of scarlet fever were in a restricted area, in houses supplied with milk by one large concern from one receiving station. The Evanston officers quickly cut off the milk supply, while the Chicago and State health authorities were contending that there was no danger of contagion from this source. Subsequently both of the latter sent inspectors to the dairy under suspicion, and stopped the shipping of milk from that point.

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Causes and Lessons

But it has not been demonstrated that milk was the ruling cause of the epidemic generally; physicians say it is but one of many avenues of infection. In the suburbs all of the schools and churches were closed for a time, but it was thought unwise to take this step in the city. The authorities considered that the children were under better public health control while in school. And just here is one of the chief points of criticism as to Chicago's health methods. Since the schools opened in September there had been but fourteen health inspectors at work guarding more than three hundred and fifty public school buildings! Once the gravity of the situation was partly comprehended, the Health Commissioner called on the Council Finance Committee for authority to hire one hundred inspectors temporarily. Under the stress of popular clamor this appeal was

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instantly granted. A few days later the Commissioner asked for two hundred and fifty more emergency doctors, and the authority this time was speedily given. Had one hundred inspectors been working in the schools since autumn, it is believed that the epidemic would have been averted. In the height of the panic it was found that the afflicted houses were not all placarded, the Health Commissioner having concluded that this ordinance was unwise, inasmuch as it led some doctors to hide their cases. The City Council then peremptorily ordered that every house be placarded. Then, when the health officials had been urged into that activity which people thought commensurate with the needs of the hour, they were able to throw a large share of the blame on the Council Health Committee—which is made up of the less efficient Aldermen—by quoting the health bulletins issued in October and again in December. These bulletins appealed for more school inspectors and warned directly against threatened scarlet fever epidemic, but the Aldermen paid no heed and so matters drifted on until the crisis. Then came abundant, if late, activity. It is believed that the best guard against a recurrence of the trouble is efficient school inspection, and this is Chicago's first lesson out of the passing situation. The second lesson, which will be learned unless the scare abates too rapidly, is the need of an adequate hospital for contagious diseases. This might have been Chicago's for the asking for the last four or five years, but the Aldermen, under pressure from citizens, have practically barred such an institution out of the city by setting up impossible conditions in the way of frontage consents. Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick have been ready to expend practically a million dollars on building and endowment whenever they should be allowed to purchase a site where a license might be secured; but the Council—and the citizens—have stood in the way. Had such a hospital existed in Chicago this winter, much suffering and hardship, spread of disease, and probably many deaths would have been averted. The Council just now is in the temper to modify its hospital ordinance. Will it do so before the impulse is gone? Physicians like Dr. Frank Billings, President of the State Board of Charities, pointing out that the cause of scarlet fever is unknown, say that one great hope in such a hospital is that its laboratory advantages may lead to the discovery of the germ—if it is a germ—and thence to a serum.

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A King's Ransom for American Education

"The largest sum ever given by a man in the history of the race for any social or philanthropic purpose." Thus the General Education Board characterizes the latest benefaction of John D. Rockefeller. Thirty-two million dollars will be placed by him before April 1 in the care of the General Education Board. The size of the gift is, however, but incidental to its real importance. If it were not so large, it would be, of course, less effectual; but its real greatness lies in the object to which it is devoted and the means selected for the accomplishment of its purpose. The object is really the directing of educational development in the United States; the means is an independent board of men who have long had this object in view as an ideal. The General Education Board holds its corporate rights by virtue of the Federal Congress. It is permitted by its charter to do "any valuable educational work" within this country. The Board is self-perpetuating. It is made up of men who have for years been studying the conditions of education in the United States. Its Chairman, Mr. Frederick T. Gates, has had the imagination and executive ability to work for the formulation of an educational policy that would include not one institution or one State, but the whole Nation. Dr. Wallace Buttrick, the Secretary of the Board, by traveling and observation has become an expert on the condition of American educational institutions; and his imaginative foresight enables him to use his knowledge in directing a large policy. All the members of the Board, every one of them well known as a leader either in business or in education, have regarded the problem before them as one calling

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for educational statesmanship. In 1902 Mr. Rockefeller intrusted to the Board one million dollars for the promotion of education in the South; later he gave into the keeping of the Board ten million dollars for the promotion of collegiate (as distinct from academic) education throughout the United States. With these funds, and others that have been intrusted to it, the Board has been able to act as a gardener, pruning here, fertilizing there; planting in barren places, and, if not actually destroying, yet at least neglecting, growths that were unhealthy or unneeded. Its power, however, has heretofore been limited because the money at its disposal has been designated for special ends. In this latest gift Mr. Rockefeller practically says that he trusts the Board's wisdom and the wisdom of future generations more confidently than his own. One-third of the new gift he gives unconditionally to the general endowment fund of the Board. The income from that may be used as the Board directs. As to the rest, he reserves to himself and his son the right to decide later if it is to be devoted to special objects. With this financial power in its control, the General Education Board is in position to do what no other body in this country can, at present, even attempt. It can determine largely what institutions shall grow, and, in some measure, what shall stand still or decay. It can look over the territory of the Nation, note the places where there is a famine of learning, and start new educational plants of any species it chooses, or revive old ones. It can do in many ways what the Government does for education in France or Germany. Its power will be enormous; it seems as if it might be able really to determine the character of American education. The funds it holds represent only a fraction of the amounts which it will really control; by giving a sum to an institution on condition that the institution raise an equal or a greater amount, it will be able to direct much larger amounts than it possesses. More than that, it will become increasingly an adviser of philanthropists. Even now its counsel is sought and its judgment determines the course of philanthropists who, without expert knowledge, desire to aid education. Moreover, it can administer any gift intrusted to it without cost, as its administrative expenses are already provided for; so that the person who wishes to give a hundred dollars for education may put that sum into its hands with the knowledge that the money will be used exclusively for an educational purpose. In these ways it is estimated that the Board will be the means, within the next decade, of controlling from one to two hundred millions of dollars.

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The New Jersey Senatorship

The withdrawal of Senator John F. Dryden, of New Jersey, from the contest for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate, and the election of Mr. Frank O. Briggs, the present Treasurer of the State of New Jersey, ended a contest in which the whole country was interested. The defeat of Senator Dryden in the campaign for re-election was a decided though not a decisive and final victory for the reform element among the Republicans of the State. The agitation against Senator Dryden's re-election was directed, not at his personal character, but at his affiliations; he is a type of public man against whose appearance in political life in this country there is a growing antagonism, deep-seated and far-reaching, which aims at the entire separation of money-making from politics and politics from money-making. New Jersey has still much to do in the way of dealing with public affairs in a rational way. This fact was shown, first, by what appears to have been the dominant feeling that the nomination must go, not to the best man in the State, but to some one from the southern section. It went, therefore, to Mr. Frank O. Briggs, who now holds the position of Treasurer of the State and Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and who was Mr. Dryden's legatee. He is in the prime of life; was born in New Hampshire; graduated from the Phillips Exeter Academy; entered West Point, from which he was graduated in 1872; served five years in the United States Infantry; went to Trenton and became associated with the Roebling Company,

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of which he is now the assistant treasurer; he was Mayor of Trenton from 1899 to 1902, and was appointed State Treasurer in the latter year; he has been twice sent to the Legislature, and three years ago he was put at the head of the Republican State Committee, conducting the campaign which resulted in the election of Governor Stokes; he has also been for a number of years a member of the State Board of Education. There is nothing against the new Senator except the fact that he is regarded as a machine man, and that he was the choice of Senator Dryden as his successor. The fact that he has been connected with large corporations does not disqualify him from dealing with public affairs from the standpoint of public interest. Indeed, his attitude on the taxation of corporations justifies the hope that he may treat public questions as a statesman and not as a representative of special interests or political factions. Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, is a conspicuous example of the ability of a man who has served great corporations and who is equally capable of serving great public interests. The doubt in the case of Senator-elect Briggs concerns his conception of politics. If he belongs to the old order of politicians who represent business rather than public interests, the people of the State will have to face the fact that they must remain practically unrepresented in the United States Senate until a new election takes place. Mr. Kean, the other Senator, is, unfortunately, a negligible quantity. The people under the leadership of Mr. Colby have scored a victory, but they are only at the beginning of the campaign for the redemption of the State from machine control.

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Labor Successes in the New Parliament

The fifty-three Labor members who are now in the House of Commons have influenced in a remarkable degree both the legislative and the administrative policy of the Campbell-Bannerman Government. Their most striking legislative success is the Trades Disputes Act, which protects trade union funds from judgments in the law courts like that in the memorable Taff Vale case, and makes a more satisfactory settlement from the trade union point of view of the law as to picketing at strikes. Prior to the Taff Vale decision, which was a disastrous one for the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, it had never been supposed that trade union funds could be assailed. This act relieves trades unions from financial responsibility for acts for which other organizations are liable, and is a piece of special legislation of a kind that labor organizations, if they were far-sighted, would fight. It is said in defense of this rank class legislation that the older English trade unions accumulate funds for benevolent purposes as well as for defense or aggression; that they pay their members out-of-work, sick, and superannuation allowances, and make grants for funerals; that it would have needed a complete reorganization of the financial arrangements of the unions to have put these benevolent funds beyond the reach of the sheriff's officer. They have always constituted much of the cohesive strength of the unions. Nevertheless, in claiming for themselves an exemption denied by law to other organizations, the trades unions have, in the judgment of The Outlook, violated a principle which they ought to uphold, and made a serious blunder in tactics which may bring confusion to them in the future. Next in importance to the Trades Disputes Act is the amendment and extension of the employers' liability code—an extension which brings seamen and domestic servants within the provisions of the Workmen's Compensation Act, and which is designed to reduce the occasions for lawsuits in the administration of the act. The permissive act under which local school authorities can provide meals for needy children is a Socialistic rather than a Labor measure. But the Labor men were responsible for its introduction. They all supported it; and the Labor and Radical members from Scotland were especially affronted when, chiefly at the instigation of Sir Henry Craik, who represents the Scotch universities in the House of Commons, the House of Lords carried the amendment by Lord Balfour of Burleigh excluding

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Scotland from the scope of the act. Sir Henry Craik was the only Scotch member in the Commons who opposed the bill. His opposition there was quite futile; but his attitude on the measure has added strength to the growing movement for ending university representation—English or Scotch—in the House of Commons.

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Administrative Concessions to Labor

The question of a compulsory eight-hour day for miners again came before the House of Commons in the unusually prolonged session of 1906. There is some lack of agreement on this question. The miners of Lancashire and Yorkshire, of the Midlands and South Wales, as well as the miners of Scotland, are in favor of legislation. The miners of Durham and Northumberland, led by veteran members of the House of Commons of such high standing as the Rt. Hon. Thomas Burt and Mr. Charles Fenwick, Deputy Chairman of Committees (both miners by trade and both miners' trade union officials) oppose the Eight Hours Day Bill; and as a result of this division of opinion among the men most concerned, the Government has referred the question to a Royal Commission. Many administrative changes in favor of labor were announced during the session. Recognition was given by Mr. Sydney Buxton, Postmaster-General, to the paid officials of the postal and telegraph clerks' associations, a recognition persistently refused to trade-unionism in the Post-Office during the Tory régime; and by a departmental order issued at the instance of Mr. Lloyd George, President of the Board of Trade, seamen's union secretaries or other trade union officials may now appear on behalf of seamen in disputes as to wages or conditions of service between seamen and ship captains which come before the local marine boards at the ports. During the session Mr. Henry Broadhurst retired from the representation of Leicester; and to the seat he had occupied Mr. Franklin Thomasson, the proprietor of the Tribune, the new London Liberal morning newspaper, was elected. Mr. Broadhurst was the third trade union representative in the House of Commons, having been elected for Stoke as far back as 1880. The trade-unionists who preceded him were the late Mr. Alexander Macdonald (1874–1881) and Mr. Burt, who was elected in the same year as Mr. Macdonald, and who has ever since represented Morpeth. Mr. Broadhurst, when he retired, was grouped neither with the trade union members nor the Independent Labor party. He was of the third group—the Labor-Liberals. Of the Labor men who came prominently to the front in the new Parliament—besides Mr. Burns, who is now of Cabinet rank, and by his work on the Local Government Board has amply justified his inclusion in the Campbell-Bannerman Administration—Mr. David Shackleton, secretary of a Lancashire textile union, and of the Independent Labor group, achieved most distinction by his work in committee on the Trades Disputes Bill and on the bill extending the Workmen's Compensation Act of 1897. The Independent Labor group, with Mr. Keir Hardie as leader, still sit on the Opposition side of the House, with the Irish Nationalists as neighbors; and, like the Nationalists, they hold the Government at arm's length. They nominated two candidates against Liberals at by-elections—at Workington and at Leeds. They did not capture either seat; but at Workington their persistence lost the seat to the Tories. For a vacancy in Derbyshire, which now exists, the Liberal whips have adopted a miners' trade union official. The seat is safely Liberal; so that in the session of 1907 the number of Labor men will be the same as it was in the session of 1906, before the retirement of Mr. Broadhurst.

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The Mexican Railway Merger

The entrance of the Mexican Government into the railway business is a significant event in the world of transportation. On the discovery of oil-fields in Mexico several years ago, parties identified with the interests of the Standard Oil Company secured control of the Mexican Central Railway, and there seemed reason to believe that

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they were also aiming to acquire the Mexican National Railway. Fearing that the country's entire transportation service might ultimately fall under the oil monopoly's domination, the Mexican Government secured control not only of the National but also of the International and the Interoceanic Railways. These have since been operated under one management as "The National Lines of Mexico." The merger just completed adds to these lines the Mexican Central and the Hidalgo and Northeastern. While the Government also controls the Vera Cruz and Pacific and the Tehuantepec Railways, these will for the present be operated independently. The Tehuantepec Railway was the other day opened to the public by President Diaz. The only lines of much size left in private control are the Mexican Railway, between the capital and Vera Cruz; the Pan-American, reaching to the Guatemalan frontier; the Sonora extension of the Southern Pacific, and that portion of the Kansas City, Mexico, and Orient Railway which is under construction across northern Mexico. The most notable feature of the Government's action seems to us hardly so much its magnitude as its negotiation without any cash outlay—the Government simply lending its credit to guarantee the interest and principal of the second mortgage bonds, these being preceded by an issue of prior lien bonds and by three classes of stock. Since the present earnings of the property seem sufficient to meet all charges, the Government deems the risk of burdening its treasury worth taking. On the other hand, Government indorsement is a sufficiently valuable consideration to make it worth while for those recently in control to transfer their control to the nation. All of the concessions stipulate that at the end of ninety-nine years the property shall revert to the Government. The corporation to be organized to take over the merged companies will have a capitalization exceeding a hundred million dollars in our money. Of a board of twenty-one directors, with headquarters in Mexico, twelve members will reside in the capital of that country and nine in this country. The accomplishment of Government control is due chiefly to the efforts of Señor Limantour, Mexico's Minister of Finance, to whose ability the increasingly gratifying monetary position of his country is also due. If one of Señor Limantour's motives has been to prevent the great trusts from getting a foothold in Mexico, others have been to eliminate unnecessary competition, to improve operation, and to bring harmony by means of combination. In his success we see a reconciliation of the principles of government ownership and those of private corporations, a union of the management by the government in the interests of the public with the flexibility of private operation. We shall follow the development of the Mexican plan with interest.

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Dry Farming An unusual convention in which representatives of sixteen States took part lately adjourned at Denver—the Dry Farming Congress. Its object was to encourage settlement on the high plains, the "semi-arid" section of the West, by spreading the teachings of the newest theory in agriculture. This theory is that, by proper tillage and scientific methods of conserving the moisture, profitable crops can be raised where the rainfall is less than twenty inches annually, in a territory heretofore looked upon as fitted only for pasture and such crop-raising as could be accomplished by irrigation. The enthusiasts of the new idea declare that farming can be carried on to the very foothills of the Rockies, thus bringing into the productive area of the West a territory four hundred miles north and south, and over a hundred miles wide, not to mention other portions of the interior where rainfall is below the usual requirements for successful agriculture. No particular secrecy attends the plans. First place seems to be given to a thorough pulverizing of the surface by frequent cultivation, securing thereby a "dust blanket" whose function is to absorb all the moisture that falls, and to retain it after it has fallen. If all the rainfall can be kept on the land, instead of allowing it to rush to the streams, and so seaward, and if evaporation can be arrested, these scien-

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tific farmers claim, one full crop can be raised every two years at least—in years of generous rainfall every year. They point to successful experiment farms as proof of their accomplishments. We may make discount on the more buoyant statements. It is somewhat suspicious that the most enthusiastic advocates are connected with real estate companies and are seeking buyers for land; it should be remembered, also, that the past three years, during which the new agricultural cult has risen, have been seasons of excessive rainfall for the high plains country. But even with these allowances the dry farming idea has much merit. It is based on better methods of tillage and the adaptation of means to conditions in a businesslike and intelligent manner. The Government is about to establish experiment stations in the semi-arid belt to determine what crops and what tillage are best—a distinct concession to the dry farming theory, for a few years ago such an undertaking would have been ridiculed as a waste of effort. Much has been done for irrigation and the territory that can be reached by ditches and laterals. If now the upland plains beyond the reach of running streams can be brought to reasonably profitable cultivation, this country will be utilizing its soil to the utmost. Dry farming may not accomplish all claimed for it, especially when drought comes—and the Government weather service declares that the climate of the high plains is not permanently changed—but it is encouraging intelligent agriculture. If settlers and investors will consider it as a promising experiment rather than as an accomplished fact, when applied to the territory of least rainfall east of the Rockies, it will do the West much good.

❀

National Union of Farmers

An organization with seven hundred thousand farmers as members, designed to control the marketing of grain, has, it is stated, established in Chicago headquarters from which it will direct the producers of the Middle West. It aims not alone at raising the price of wheat and cotton, but aims to eliminate the middleman's profit in selling the output of Western farms and ranches. Many attempts at accomplishing this, ranging from the social Grange to the political Farmers' Alliance, have been made, and all have failed. A looseness of organization when dealing with farmers widely separated and unwilling to undertake co-operative effort on a large scale has been the inevitable result of these unions. This modern undertaking evidently is not free from such dangers, for it is reported that the cotton-raisers of western Texas, to the number of one hundred thousand or more, have seceded from the central organization and will manage their own affairs. Lectures by itinerant organizers and conventions for the display of oratory will not hold a nation-wide organization together, much less one composed of farmers, and this new union must have behind it a direct, simple plan for betterment of the agricultural communities if it is to win permanently. The farmer almost alone of the toilers of the world has kept his independent way; he has no walking delegate, no union scale, no system of licensed apprenticeship. Neither has he indulged in high finance nor in the formation of powerful trusts. Yet upon his labors is based much of the prosperity that makes possible the trust magnate's development. It is possible that the new union has seven hundred thousand members, but unless they are held with unyielding force and obey the directorate as one man, it will have little effect in realizing the dream of "dollar wheat," which seems to be the Western farmer's ideal of material bliss. If the farmers of the Nation succeed in raising materially the price of their crops at initial points, the consumer must prepare to pay more for the finished product when delivered at his door—unless the rise to the farmer shall come, not from the consumer, but in lessened expense of getting the product to market. Some day this may be accomplished, but reports concerning the present undertaking do not indicate that it is to succeed permanently in changing the American farmer's condition—which, by the way, is not one of great suffering. It may, however, prove

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helpful in showing the advantage of co-operation, and some localities may derive benefit. It will be interesting to see if there are secured the benefits to which a membership as large as that claimed should entitle the new union.

❀

A New York Problem

It is very easy to point out the overcrowding of all means of conveyance in the city of New York, but it is not so easy to indicate the ways in which this overcrowding may be obviated or lessened. The editorial on "The Discomforts of New York" which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago has prompted a correspondent to call attention to one very interesting element in the problem—the direct relation between the height of buildings and the congestion of the means of travel to and from the localities in which these great buildings are erected. The population of a large office building during business hours is equal to that which fills a theater or a church covering the same area of ground-space. It would be easy to imagine the condition of half a mile of highway if it were lined with buildings of this capacity. The Outlook's correspondent is over-moderate in his statement. Some of the great buildings in the city contain as many persons as live in good-sized country or suburban towns. To transfer the population of a good-sized town or of a large theater and put it on a very small area of ground by means of a tall building, and then multiply these buildings within a small area, is to create the situation in which New York finds itself. The metropolis, as this correspondent points out, adds one or two stories to its height every year, and the condition produced may be brought before the mind by imagining one building of vast size on Manhattan Island with a limited number of exits in the form of ferries, railways, and bridges. This building contained enough people, years ago, to use every exit almost to its full capacity. It has gone on year by year adding to its height without adding proportionately to its number of exits, with the result that at certain hours in the morning and evening these exits are crowded to the point of suffocation. In the meantime people are pouring into the city in great tides, not only for business but for pleasure purposes; and every new hotel, no matter what its capacity, is no sooner opened than it is filled. Unless the city is to be honeycombed by subterranean tunnels or penetrated by railways built on causeways, there seems to be no prospect of permanent relief until some form of aerial navigation is discovered.

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A Safety Devices Exhibition

The First International Exposition of Safety Devices and Industrial Hygiene has just been held in New York City, under the auspices of the American Institute of Social Service. Public attention was fittingly called to it on its opening by a dinner at which Governor Hughes made a significant address. "We shudder," said Mr. Hughes, "at the carnage of war, but we give little attention to the perils of our industrial army, and to the useless sacrifice of life and productive efficiency which is the result of preventable accidents in industry. . . . From the experience of other countries the conclusion is forced upon us that a very large proportion of the injuries which annually occur in this country are wholly unnecessary." It was the purpose of this exposition to demonstrate the improved methods which would prevent this annual sacrifice. Not only were there a large number of photographs showing these methods as adopted in foreign countries, but many of the safeguarded machines themselves were shown in actual operation. Many foreign cities have permanent exhibitions of this kind, and they have proved of great public utility. America has up to this time been extremely negligent in the matter of accident prevention, and the Exposition of Safety Devices comes at an opportune moment. It is hoped that a permanent Museum of Safety Devices may be established as a result of the interest aroused. No more important agent for the promotion of social welfare than a bureau of accident prevention can be instituted in our great manufacturing centers. It is an encouraging sign of the times that Gov-

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ernor Hughes has given the movement his indorsement. Governors and legislators in other States would do well to follow his example. On another page the Spectator speaks more particularly of some phases of this highly important exhibition.

❀

Fluvial Eloquence

Rivers have always appealed to the poetic nature of the sensitive. It may be that the motion of the water, by subtle suggestion, sets in operation the flow of language. A large collection of verse might be made dealing with the Oxus, the Indus, the Euphrates, the Nile, the Tiber, the Rhine, the Danube, the Loire, the Charles, the Hudson, the Mississippi; but the latest river to liberate the imagination and inflame the poetic sense is the long-neglected Tombigbee, a stream which has suffered somewhat by the unfortunate suggestiveness of its name. The House of Representatives, long the nursery, not to say the hotbed, of fervid and flamboyant eloquence, has produced another great orator in the person of one of the Representatives from Mississippi. Poetry flows, sometimes, on unexpected occasions and receives its initial impulse from very prosaic incidents; one would hardly have expected the debate on the River and Harbor Bill, long associated with plans of far-seeing lobbyists, to evoke a lyrical flow of speech only paralleled by a certain famous account of a ball at the palace in Athens, sent home by an American Minister who, after describing the great privilege of dancing the opening measure with the Queen, gave an account of his walk home through the silent streets once trodden by Sophocles and Demosthenes, and recalled the fact that the same moon shone on the American Minister that shone on Pericles. This time, however, it was not ancient Athens, nor any foreign river, but the domestic stream called the Tombigbee, the glories of which were recounted with a lavish tongue:

"I love the Mississippi," declared the orator, "oh, that beautiful name that we treasure, which we love, and to which we cling; little ones around the fireside at home are taught to sing its praises and to speak forth in reverence to its virtues. But the Mississippi, my friends, sinks into insignificance in its grandeur and its beauty when it comes in comparison to the Tombigbee. . . . I am sure it is prompted by the interest in this great river about which I am talking, because we all know it appeals to the heart of every American citizen throughout this broad land, and the regret that they have to-day, and they have expressed that regret to me often, is that it has been so long neglected. I have heard its murmuring waves as they went singing their beautiful song toward the Gulf since early childhood, and they have continued to sing along the path of my life and have given me inspiration to love the beauties of nature and admire those grandeurs and those glories that come alone from the great creative hand of God above."

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The Longfellow Centennial

Of general interest in literature, in the sense in which interest in literature is felt in Italy, Germany, and France, there is as yet very little in this country. Of readers there is an army, of students of good writing there are more perhaps than in any other country; but of the degree and quality of interest which puts a new book on a level with a political issue in the talk of average men there is very little in America. One may pass many days on the piazza of a summer hotel among active and able men of affairs and never hear the title of a book on the stream of talk. In Italy, France, and Germany, on the other hand, the appearance of certain books is a public event, an incident in the national life that divides interest with the policies of the government and the state of trade. Literature has not yet, in this sense, become a National institution among Americans. They have great respect for it as a resource, a charming diversion, an evidence of culture; they do not feel its necessity or recognize it as an integral part of the life of the Nation, as significant as the question of the limitation of governmental authority or the regulation of the railways.

Longfellow, as nearly as any other American writer, has won recognition as a figure of National significance and relations. Lacking the grasp and insight, the genuinely representative quality, of

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Emerson; the penetration, the rich and dusky imagination of Hawthorne, the individuality of invention and art of Poe, the humor and opulence of thought of Lowell, the deep and full movement of imagination of Whitman, he is, nevertheless, the best known of them all. It is not too much to say that he is nearer the heart of his country than any other of its poets; that his verse is more a matter of popular knowledge; that the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the day of his birth on the 27th day of this month will assume the proportions of a National event, while at the same time it will be marked by many private commemorations.

The reasons for this popular regard are not far to seek; and the fact that they lie on the surface is itself an explanation. Longfellow walked on the highway and kept company with his fellows in the manifold experiences of life. There was nothing occult or esoteric about his thought or his art; he always lived in the open. One of the most cultivated men of his time, and a pioneer of the riper and richer knowledge of the languages and literature which he did much to commend by his own charm, his work in prose and verse was singularly free from purely literary associations, from the tone and temper of the professional man of letters. He never went into out-of-the-way places for unusual emotions or courted strange experiences along the byways of experience; he kept to the main road, with an instinctive sense of finding what he wanted there, and a conviction that he belonged there.

He walked with men with no sense of lowering the aims of his life or the standards of his art. In his quiet way he had the courage and clear judgment of a born poet, who believes that the impulsion of native gift or of vital interest is a better guide than professional maxims or the conventional attitude of the expert and schoolman. He was a scholar in a real if not in the highest sense, but he was refreshingly free from the pose of scholarship and the limitations of its purely professional point of view. Where his poetry is thin, as it sometimes is, the lack of rootage is due not to his themes or his sympathies, but to the limitations of his nature.

He had also, as part of his capital as a poet of National significance, great simplicity of manner. He rarely used the literary dialect; he used habitually the universal language. It has been his happy fortune, in consequence, to be the companion of children in every generation since he began to write; and one of the most significant features of the commemoration of his birth will be the remembrance of the poet in schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The new writer of the serious temper, who approaches life by a private road and speaks with the authority of individual impression and experience, almost invariably finds his audience among enthusiastic young men and women, and his fame grows as they carry his work to the front. A generation or two ago the books of Emerson and Carlyle were found in the room of every aspiring and open-minded student, and it was in the colleges that the writers of "Nature" and of "Sartor Resartus" secured their most ardent advocates. Longfellow made his appeal still earlier in time, as Sir Mortimer Durand has pointed out on another page, and touched the heart of childhood with the divination of simplicity, purity, tender human affection, and the happy phrase of those who practice the art of being young until they become masters of its secrets.

Domestic and local, in the sense of finding their interest in near and familiar things, as Longfellow's poems often are, it is significant that they touch those simple and beautiful things that belong everywhere to the happy years when the home is the world and the locality the universe. No American poet has been so widely translated, none has been domesticated in so many foreign countries. There is a peculiar fitness in the adoption of this Laureate of childhood, home, and love by so many alien peoples, for he was one of the first to knit again the ties that had been severed by the separation of the New from the Old World. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries New England was an isolated community, developing by force of its own inward impulse rather

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than by contact with the ideas of the world at large. With the advent of the nineteenth century there came a change that affected the whole country, but that was most radical and far-reaching in New England. The Middle States and Virginia and the Old South were absorbed in other interests; the New England mind was eagerly searching for material with which to satisfy its craving for a larger experience of life, a deeper and richer culture. There were evidences of reaction against the rigid repression, the sharp limitations of thought, the somber surroundings, of the old order of life. The New England mind—eager, restless, and serious—demanded the range of the whole field of knowledge, and its imagination craved color, warmth, sentiment, and beauty. There was a vast disparity between the culture of the Old World and that of the New; the New World was unconsciously craving the richer life of the older races. Work enough had been done on the new continent to make men aware that some things were not to be gotten out of the soil. There was a growing sense of isolation and detachment, a deepening consciousness of separation from the organic life of the race. In a word, the time was ripe for rapid assimilation of the culture of the older races by the new people, which had, so far as thought, scholarship, and taste were concerned, suffered an arrest of development and fallen behind Europe in the evolution of the higher civilization.

At this opportune hour New England found access to the modern languages, to modern literature, and to the study of other religions. Men like Everett and Ticknor became the forerunners of the long line of American students who have drunk deep at the fountains of knowledge in Germany. The inexperienced mind of the young race flung itself with ardor on the rich art of the older races. The names of Dante, Montaigne, Goethe, Molière, Cervantes, became familiar to American students, and the cultural power of the great poets was eagerly appropriated.

Among the men to whom this fresh contact with the ripe resources of an old civilization came with something like inspirational effect was Longfellow. Like all his contemporaries in the field of poetry save Whittier and Whitman, he shared the best traditions of New England training; he was the son of a professional man; he was college-bred; he had three years of foreign residence, filled not only with ardent study of French, German, Spanish, and Italian, but with a wealth of impressions from that rich Old World which, to the sensitive imagination of a young American from a world too new to have history, associations, art, beauty, or atmosphere, must have been a true wonderland of romance and achievement; he held professorships first at Bowdoin and later at Harvard. These facts are significant alike of Longfellow's unusual opportunities and of his good fortune.

He was not a man of original poetic force; his imagination was sensitive rather than creative, his poetic gift graceful and tender rather than virile and self-directed. He was largely dependent on the suggestions of legendary or historical associations; his imagination was responsive rather than originative. He was a translator, not only in the specific but in the more inclusive sense of the word. He was sensitive to beautiful, romantic, significant incidents, events, associations, and his musical faculty made his hand as responsive as his imagination. His work includes many renderings of beautiful thoughts from the poets of other races, domestic legends, stories drawn from many sources. In all this he was not a borrower, as Poe unjustly and ignorantly charged, but a translator. He interpreted the Old World to the New, as did Irving; he helped to equalize intellectual conditions; he brought into our literature a gentleness of sentiment, a simple but genuine beauty, a grace of feeling, and a joy in history and art that have enriched it for all time. A scholar by instinct, training, and profession, he kept a heart so tender and a nature so unaffected and simple that children understand him and love him as they understand and love no other American poet. He had none of the Puritan intensity of conscience, but all the Puritan purity of heart, and this has made him pre-eminently the

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poet of the domestic affections. The notes of great poetry are rarely heard in Longfellow's verse, but his charming faculty of transcription has given us the idyllic music of "Evangeline," which, with "Hiawatha," is to be counted among the few American legends.

After his death Longfellow paid the penalty of great contemporaneous popularity; a shadow passed over his reputation, and it became the fashion to speak of his work as of slight importance. Depreciation of the author of "Evangeline" was, for some people, a sign of the higher culture. Of late years a sounder critical judgment has gained ground, and to-day the freshness of feeling, vigor of imagination, quiet energy, which characterize some of the poet's mature work, find adequate recognition. This is not the occasion for a critical estimate; it is the moment for generous recognition of Longfellow's service to American literature in its initial stage, of the soundness of his methods, the elevation and dignity that he gave to the profession of letters, the impulse that he imparted to generous minds eager for a larger share of the common fund of knowledge, beauty, and greatness of achievement stored up in the vast treasury of the past. More convincing than any comment on the true poetic quality of his verse at its best is the evidence of such examples as the sonnets that precede the translation of Dante's "Inferno:"

"Oft have I seen, at some cathedral door,
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!"

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A Theological Battle

It is difficult for an American to understand how a single English preacher should cause such a ferment as has been caused in England by the recent utterances of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple. England is a small country, and London is its center. If an earthquake visited London, all England would be shaken by it; but an earthquake destroyed San Francisco, and Chicago, New Orleans, and New York went on their way undisturbed. A not very serious theological upheaval in the City Temple has sent a tremor throughout England from Cornwall to the Scottish border.

Like his predecessor, Dr. Parker, Mr. Campbell is a preacher of great personal power—warm-hearted, sympathetic, magnetic, and a master of epigrammatic style; and, like his predecessor, deficient in power of connected thinking. There are not many preachers in England better fitted to inspire a congregation to higher and holier living; and there are probably not many less fitted to frame a system of philosophy. Whether he has attempted this difficult task, or whether others, taking his epigrammatic sentences, have attempted out of them to frame a system for him, we are not quite sure. In either case it is the impossible that has been attempted.

System-makers habitually fail when they endeavor to make a system out of the isolated utterances of a spiritual preacher. Paul is a much more systematic teacher than Mr. Campbell, but it would be hardly fair, from Paul's statement that "all the law is fulfilled in this one word, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," to con-

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clude that Paul discarded the law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." It is equally unfair for a critic of Mr. Campbell to conclude from his reported statement, "Whatever can be said about the love of Christ may be said about the love of John Smith," that to Mr. Campbell "Christ's love and the love of John Smith may be expressed in terms of the same value." At least two-thirds of the curious turmoil which has been produced in England is due to the fact that system-makers have taken Mr. Campbell's rhetoric as though it were the exposition of a new philosophy. Possibly he has taken it so himself.

Added impulse to the discussion has been given by the formation of a New Theology League "for the encouragement of progressive religious thought." Started as an alliance for aggressive propaganda, it has apparently been converted into an alliance for defense. Its organization has created a sensation and provoked additional hostility. All men, including theologians, love a fight. And the public, by aid of the press, is forming a ring to witness the encounter between the theological athletes, and occasionally a bystander takes a hand. But if the following statement issued by three members of the League as an expression of "our own personal opinion" is a reflection of the views of the League, there is nothing in them which to American theologians would appear new, though to some of the conservative school in America they might appear alarming:

> The ultimate reality and the one hope for man is the Holy Love of God, who, though transcendent, is immanent in nature and humanity, but supremely in Jesus Christ.
>
> God is the Father of all men, and all men are implicitly his children, made in his image and at unrest till they live for him alone. The germ of divine life is in every soul. The story of the Fall is, in Dr. Dale's words, "an inspired myth," conveying a vital religious truth. By man's sin he has strayed from God, but even the prodigal is still God's child. His very remorse is "the sign of the inextinguishable divinity within his soul."
>
> The Bible is the record of God's progressive revelation, but it has a human element, and all its parts have not equal spiritual significance.
>
> Jesus Christ was God incarnate in the flesh. The question of the Virgin Birth does not touch the fundamental position of Evangelical Theology. Our theory of the process cannot affect the fact of the Incarnation. Seeing Christ we see the Father. The whole life of Christ was a divine self-sacrifice to awaken and develop the latent divinity of man.
>
> The Atonement is an eternal process, and is set forth in all its fullness in the life and death of our Lord. All who love and suffer so as to lift men to God are helping "to fill up that which is lacking in the sufferings of Christ."

If this is the New Theology of Mr. Campbell, he might have learned it all from Horace Bushnell.

There are many affirmations in the old theology, as popularly defined, which no longer appear thinkable to men of the new school of thought. Such are the doctrines that the Bible is verbally inspired and in all its parts equally authoritative; that man was made perfect, committed four thousand years ago an act of disobedience in the Garden of Eden, and all the sin and misery of human life have followed in consequence; that God's wrath burns with an unquenchable flame against the human race because of that first sin and the hereditary sinfulness which has resulted; that the just punishment for sins, large and small, is an eternity of torment; that it is just to transfer the punishment of sin from the guilty to the innocent; that this has been done, and that thus and only thus can a way of escape from torment be found by guilty man. But though to the men of the new school of thought this philosophy is unthinkable, it presents in mediæval forms of thought an experience of faith which is eternally true. Only theologians are concerned when theology is attacked, but when this experience of faith is thought to be attacked all those into whose life it has entered resent the attack as one upon their spiritual life: the faith that the Bible is a unique fountain of cheer, comfort, guidance, and inspiration; that sin is a terrible reality, and that every yielding to temptation and indulgence in sin is a fall from our higher life and a separation from our God; that a pure and loving Being does and must abhor sensuality and greed, however refined the form in which they present themselves; that sin carries its own punishment with it, and that "whatsoever a man soweth,

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that shall he also reap;" that we are members one of another and are blessed in one another's virtue and suffer in one another's wrong-doing; that not only do the innocent suffer with the guilty, but that innocence chooses to take upon itself the shame and sin of the guilty in willing self-sacrifice; that this divine spirit of self-sacrifice finds its highest revelation in Jesus Christ, who in this, as in all his life and character, is the supreme ideal for humanity and the supreme revelation of the invisible God; and that in this spirit of self-sacrifice by the innocent for the guilty is the hope of the human race.

The preacher may attack this faith, or so preach that he is thought to be attacking it, in which case he will arouse the resentment of all those to whom it is a sacred treasure. He may interpret this faith in the terms of the old theology, in which case he will satisfy and help a decreasing number in the Church and alienate an increasing number outside the Church. He may speak to this faith directly without intellectually interpreting it, in which case he will give help to that large number of persons who feel religious truth without attempting to formulate it in philosophical forms. Finally, he may interpret this faith in intellectual forms which show it to be at least not inconsistent with reason, nor with that evolutionary conception of life which in our time underlies all scientific and philosophic thinking, in which case he may do something to win back to Christian fellowship those who have been driven from it because they have been taught to confound religious faith with theological formularies which they cannot honestly accept and will not accept perfunctorily.

It is because Mr. Campbell is thought to have attacked this faith that he is himself so vigorously attacked. We do not believe that he has really done so. His past ministry and his spiritual character make it far more probable that his new interpretation of faith has been mistaken for an attack upon it. But whether he is an assailant or a defender of faith, he has done good. For the world should gladly welcome anything, whatever it may be, that turns laymen aside from a discussion of State politics, commercial speculations, and social fashions, to a discussion of the spiritual problems of sin, forgiveness, and practical righteousness.

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A Pregnant Silence

There is nothing in the Old Testament more sublime than the gradual unveiling of the truth of immortality, disclosing itself in human consciousness like the breaking of the day over the earth. The central fact in the New Testament which sent the disciples, eager, tireless, and dauntless, to men and women burdened with the sorrows and mysteries of life in many countries, was the rising from the dead of One who said, "I am the resurrection and the life," who had brought others back from the Gate of Death and himself returned to demonstrate to living men the survival and victorious life of the spirit beyond the grave. The gospels and epistles find their culmination of interest, their supreme value, in the witness they bear to the fact that one rose from the dead. This was the message which the Apostle Paul carried from Jerusalem to Rome, and this was the great truth which armed him invincibly against the whole world organized against him. There is, however, almost no disclosure in the Book of Life of the form and manner of the world to come; there is nowhere any recognition of curiosity about these matters or any attempt to satisfy it. The supreme concern of prophet, apostle, and of the Master himself was to make men understand the spiritual meaning and quality of life, and to so clear their vision and reinforce their wills that they might live as the children of God. For us all the one vital matter is to live every day in the light of immortality, not to frame theories as to our occupations and resources in other stages of that life.

There is, however, a deeper and more compelling reason for this significant silence: our inability to understand, if a revelation were made to us. The conditions and the occupations of the spirit, the peace and splendor of a life which gives full play to all the noblest possibilities of human nature and evokes all

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its highest powers without hindrance of any kind, are so entirely beyond our present capacity to receive and comprehend that nothing could be put into language that would penetrate our intelligence. If we could look through the Gate of Heaven with the eyes that look out upon the earth, we should see nothing; if we could stand at that Gate, we should hear nothing. We forget that language can take us only a little way beyond our experience, and when it does pass beyond, if it is to be intelligible to us, it must draw its images from familiar things. This is true not only of spiritual but of material things. If the men of the stone age had been told of the pictures, statues, churches of the Middle Ages, they would not have understood what was told them, and would have remained not so much incredulous as absolutely uncomprehending; for one must have the capacity for believing before one can have the capacity for incredulity. If our ancestors of two hundred years ago had been told of many of the uses of light and air to-day, they would not have scoffed, because they would have received no idea definite enough to be the object of derision. To-day the great mass of men and women do not understand and cannot explain how musical sounds are produced by waves of light from an electrical lamp; but they accept and enjoy the result because the magical development is made from forces and processes which, in their elementary applications, they do understand.

For this reason, if there were no other, what is called spiritism could say nothing of real importance to us if communication with spirits in the next stage were really established. The demonstration of immortality on a physical basis might be a comfort to those who think it is possible to establish spiritual facts by physical proof; but beyond the bare fact of continued existence we should learn nothing. The only so-called "communications" concerning the next stage of life that have risen above mere personal gossip or feverish attempts to satisfy curiosity by projecting present conditions into the future have taken the form of assurances of perfect content, coupled with the declaration that nothing could be told about the occupations and resources of the spirit world because no statement could be understood. There is nothing in our present experience that could interpret to us the form and manner of that larger and freer life. We are as incapable of understanding how they who have gone on bear themselves and in what manner they find the peace and joy of heaven and rise in ever-widening circles of knowledge, as our children are of understanding the abstract ideas that are matters of familiar thought to us.

If our curiosity were wholesome, it could not be gratified; if God spoke to us directly of those matters, we should not understand. But our desire for that knowledge, although often passionate in its intensity, and springing from the depth and fervor of our love for those who yesterday were light and life to us and to-day are silent in the appalling silence of death, is not wholesome. It is not our business to study the life to come when we know so little of the life that now is; to become absorbed in the contemplation of escape from burdens, and rest from labor, and freedom from sorrow, when burdens, labor, and sorrow are teachers sent from God to prepare us for the larger and freer life. Many a school-boy would like to be done with school and have the freedom and authority of a man. Many a school-boy has imagined that he could be a man if he could rid himself of school and masters, and does not know that the only path to the kind of manhood that summons him from afar is the manhood that is shaped by schools, lessons, discipline, self-denial. Heaven is not simply or primarily a place of rest, where no duty calls and no work waits; it is pre-eminently a place of growth. It is a joy to be won, not a felicity to be simply waited for. There are many classes in this great school in which we are learning the lessons of life, and heaven will not be the same to all who pass from that school. When the gate opens, the vision that breaks on the view of those that enter, by that law of growth that runs through all worlds, will get its measure from the eyes that look at it. Rest, peace, purity, will come to all who carry the possibilities of those

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things with them. But heaven will be greater to those who have gone far in the education of the spirit than to those who have only begun to learn the deep things of God. Our concern now is not with the form and manner of life beyond, but with such a shaping of life here that when the gate opens we shall take with us that purified vision which shall see God.

It is, in a word, the radiant beauty of the fuller life, its sublime occupations, its inexhaustible interests, its deep-seated happiness, that arrest us on the threshold and leave our curiosity or our passionate desire unsatisfied. We could not understand if we were told, because the heavenly so transcends our mortal experience. The measure of its divine fullness, the compass of its happiness, are the very things which keep us in suspense and ignorance. It would be a very meager heaven that we could understand; a very limited fulfillment of the possibilities of our nature that we could comprehend. That we cannot know what the absent ones do and how they move and have their being in the world in which care and pain and sorrow and death have no place ought to be to us a deep spring of comfort and faith.

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The Spectator

The Spectator feels indignant. He has been accused of taking a rose-colored view of things, of being a dilettante, of writing in the vein of the "woman's page," whatever that may be. The Spectator denies the too soft impeachment. He knows that he has convictions, that he is sometimes almost too serious, and that his soul can stir with righteous indignation. And while he cannot escape from his predestined habit of observing, he feels that his readers will on this occasion permit him to redeem himself from the charge of frivolousness by turning to a somber subject. He hopes that nothing "triflin'," as our Southern friends say, may escape him at this particular time, whatever his previous failings may have been.

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And surely even an incorrigible humorist would feel like stopping his output of jokes if he could have been with the Spectator on a recent afternoon. For the Spectator was learning about accidents to life and limb and how they occur; and, better still, how they can be prevented. His interest had been awakened in this subject by hearing a member of the Peace Society say that the work of preventing industrial accidents was of greater moment even than the prevention of war; and the statistics quoted seemed to justify the opinion. The assertion was made that in the United States alone we kill and wound every year in our industrial army more men than fell in all the battles in any year of our bloody Civil War; and, still more astounding, that the casualties of the greatest war of modern times, that between the Russians and the Japanese, were fewer than those that occur every year in peaceful America through railway collisions and the ceaseless sacrifice exacted in factories and workshops by the Moloch of machinery.

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"You will not believe me, perhaps," said the Spectator's informant, "but there is one great manufacturing concern in the United States that either kills or maims one workman every day in the year. And do you realize that on every single day of the year the railways of this country kill twenty-six persons and wound two hundred and thirty? You do not realize this, because ours is a big country, and only the big accidents are reported in the newspapers, and the industrial ones are not always recorded even locally. But all over this land men, women, and children are killed or injured in large numbers every day by accident, and the total for a year makes a casualty list greater than that of any battle that ever was fought. Waterloo, Gravelotte, Gettysburg, Mukden—these scenes of bloodshed are not so fearful as the annual carnage that reddens our American towns and cities in the struggle that is led by our captains of industry. The regiments of labor are the ones that suffer the most appalling losses; and their losses are worse than those of battle, because men go into battle expecting to be killed, and because a vast

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number of these industrial accidents are preventable. Men do not go to their daily work expecting to be killed or hurt, but to go home again to their happy families; and the accidents that send them home dead or mutilated must be prevented."

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That was the word the Spectator was waiting for. He is more interested in prevention for the future than in the horrors of the past or the present, and he thinks his readers are too. The afternoon referred to was spent by the Spectator at the First International Exposition of Safety Devices and Industrial Hygiene, conducted under the auspices of the American Institute of Social Service in New York. Several large rooms were devoted to exhibiting moving machinery with accident preventers, models of safety appliances of all kinds, and photographs and other illustrations of what foreign countries are doing in this direction. The Spectator stopped before a large machine, looked and listened. "One of the most dangerous machines that is used in factories," said the demonstrator who was showing the mechanism to a group of visitors, "is this punching machine. It doesn't kill people, but very frequently it takes their fingers off and leaves them maimed for life. And here, by this simple device," pointing to a circular piece of steel that surrounded the descending punch, "the finger is saved. This, by the way, was invented by a boy. You remember it was a boy who invented an important part of the steam-engine. He did that to save work. This boy invented the punch guard to save his fingers. At any rate, it will save many fingers that he never saw." The Spectator turned from the punching machine to see a young man showing how the machinery of a factory could be stopped almost immediately when a worker got caught in cogs or belting. The simple pressing of a button stopped the adjacent machinery within five seconds, while allowing the machinery on other floors to continue in operation. The Spectator remembered once seeing a poor girl at a college settlement reception who wore a red skull-cap all through the evening. She was a factory girl who had been scalped by getting her hair caught in a whirling belt. If this safety device had been used in that factory, she might have been saved from this terrible experience.

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"Many American workmen," the Spectator was told by an intelligent mechanic who was explaining a piece of woodworking machinery, "hate the trouble of using safety devices. This 'jointer' is a very dangerous machine. The man runs the board over these rapidly revolving knives. If the knives strike a knot, the board may be thrown one side, and the man's hands go down on the knives. Many a time I have seen this happen. A man was in here yesterday who had lost two fingers in this way. He said it made him shiver to run this board through, though his fingers were perfectly protected by this device. I took one of these guards to a planing-mill not long ago to put it on a machine. The workman said, 'You can put it on, but I won't use it.' I put it on, and a few weeks after went to see it. I found the man was using it and glad to have it. He said, 'When you first came, I thought you had one of those clumsy things that would interfere with my work. This is all right.'" Americans, employers and workers alike, require simplicity in safety appliances. And very simple things often most effectively prevent accidents. For instance, many accidents occur through the workers slipping on smooth floors in front of machines on which they are working, and falling into the machinery. The simple device of a rubber mat on which they may stand is an almost certain preventive of this. Here in two large photographs were seen an interesting illustration of this accident preventer.

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"Yesterday," said the man who was showing a safety device for a freight elevator, "a boy was seated during the noon hour on the platform of a freight elevator in a New York factory. His legs were dangling over the edge. Somebody on the floor above started the elevator by pulling the rope. Before the boy could get up he was caught and his legs were cut off. If this device had been

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in use, this accident could not have happened." The device was a wooden plug which had to be stepped on before the elevator could start. No unauthorized person could start the elevator from a floor above or below. Near by this was a safety device which prevented a freight elevator starting till the gate was shut. It brought to mind an accident of which the Spectator was personally cognizant. A workman had stepped back to an elevator which he had left a moment before. The elevator had gone upward, and the man fell through the shaft eleven stories and was killed.

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Few of us have seen the effect of bursting fly-wheels, or know why they explode. Photographs of wrecked mills, the result of these accidents, were shown to the Spectator. The governor of an engine is supposed to regulate the speed of a fly-wheel. Sometimes the governor gets out of order, or a belt is broken, and the machinery begins to run at a frightful speed. It may be only a matter of a few seconds when the centrifugal force sends the enormous wheel flying in pieces, scattering death and destruction about. Here was a device which automatically prevented this "racing." Then, again, a great many accidents occur through the flying apart of small emery wheels. This also can easily be obviated through devices here shown.

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Four hundred and thirty men were accidentally killed in one recent year in the anthracite mining regions of Pennsylvania. Many of these accidents occur through the falling of shaft buckets. Here was a safety device to prevent this, exhibited by its inventor, a poor miner who could not pay his exhibition fee. Here also were electric miners' lamps, which would prevent fire-damp explosions. And, in another field, that of domestic work, an ingenious lamp was shown which automatically extinguished itself when upset or partly turned over. "Four people yesterday met their death from escaping illuminating gas," the Spectator was told as he paused before another exhibit. This was a device which immediately turned off the flow of gas when the Spectator, taking the part of a rural "Rube," blew out the flame. Here also were inclosed cog wheels, and protectors for band-saws, and shock-preventers, and devices to close automatically the open railway switch that slays its hundreds every year, and improved clamps to keep rails from spreading, and efficient trolley fenders, and scores of other safety appliances, most of them simple and practicable.

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And why are they not used? Why does the sacrifice of human beings go on? The pity of it! Because, for one reason, the cheapest thing in the world—or in America at least—seems to be human life. These appliances all cost money, and it is cheaper not to use them. In some way, the Spectator believes, we must make it more expensive to kill and maim men and women than to safeguard machinery. The Spectator heard with the greatest interest how Germany has worked out the problem. Germany needs men for her army. Therefore she tries to save them. Germany helps to insure her workmen against accident. Therefore she is interested financially in preventing accidents. Thus the State has a vital interest in requiring the safeguarding of machinery, the caring for injured workmen, and instruction in avoiding accident. In the German factory dangerous places and parts of machinery are painted red—the danger signal! Workmen are not allowed, through bravado or indolence, to disregard the use of protecting appliances. Hospitals and convalescent homes are maintained. Nothing is left to benevolence alone, but law, and rigidly enforced law, requires that work shall be conducted in a humane way. And the Spectator, while applauding vigorously the many liberal and kind-hearted employers who conduct model workshops, some of which were illustrated in the Safety Appliance Exposition, solemnly believes that Americans must devise some system that shall, with the sanction and the penalties of law, make human life, in factory and workshop and on the railway, the most sacred thing in the world. Till then we shall not be entitled to call ourselves really civilized.

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LONGFELLOW'S CONQUEST OF ENGLAND

BY SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND

THREE years ago, at a dinner given to me by the Lotos Club of New York, I used the following words:

"And now, before I sit down, will you let a wanderer who comes from the land of the lotos lay one white flower of gratitude on the grave of an American poet? I owe much of the pleasure of my life to American writers of every shade of thought, from Holmes and Hawthorne to that candid friend of my country, the Editor of Life, whose paper has given me many a happy half-hour in India and Persia and other distant lands. But I owe to one American writer much more than pleasure. Tastes differ and fashions change, and I am told that the poetry of Longfellow is not read as it used to be. Men in my own country have asked me whether the rivers of Damascus were not better than all the waters of Israel, whether Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley and Keats were not enough for me, that I need go to Longfellow. And Americans have seemed surprised that I did not speak rather of Lowell and Bryant and others. Far be it from me to say a word against any of them. I have loved them all from my youth up, every one of them in his own way, and Shakespeare as the master and compendium of them all. No one, I suppose, would place Longfellow as a poet quite on the same level with some of them. But the fact remains that, for one reason or another, perhaps in part from early association, Longfellow has always spoken to my heart. Many a time, in lands very far away from the land he loved so well, I have sought for sympathy in happiness and in sorrow—

> 'Not from the grand old masters,
> Not from the bards sublime,
> Whose distant footsteps echo
> Through the corridors of time,'

but from that pure and gentle and untroubled spirit."

What I feel about Longfellow many English men and women also feel, and I sometimes doubt whether Americans have at all realized how completely Longfellow has won his way into the hearts of my countrymen. He has gained a hold upon the people of England which no other American poet has ever gained. Students of poetry, of course, read, and occasionally prefer, other American poets, and no educated Englishman is wholly ignorant of their works. But as regards Longfellow it is not too much to say that his poems have become thoroughly incorporated with the great body of English verse. Many of them are taught to every English child. I do not believe that the majority of our children are even aware of the fact that the man who wrote the "Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Reaper," "Excelsior," and other well-known pieces was not an Englishman. In my boyhood, though I was aware of the fact, I yet never thought of Longfellow as being in any way distinct from the English poets. He took his place quite naturally with his English fellows, with Wordsworth and Shelley and Tennyson and the rest. One of my earliest recollections in connection with literature is of my father sitting by the drawing-room fire reading "Coplas de Manrique." Longfellow was at least as well known in our house as any English poet of the day, better perhaps than any except Tennyson. It was, I think, the same in most English houses of that time—nearly fifty years ago. The community of language, and the English habit of mind with reference to Americans, who are not regarded in England as foreigners, may have had something to do with this, but there must have been other reasons, for, as I have said, other American poets have not gained the same hold upon the English people. When their works are essentially of the soil, like the delightful verses of Bret

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Harte, this is natural enough, but even when they are not they somehow remain to the mass of our people distinct and comparatively unfamiliar. Longfellow is to be found as an honored guest, or rather as a welcome friend, in every English household. Perhaps the American poet who comes nearest to him in this respect, though a very long way behind, is a poet of a totally different order, Edgar Allan Poe. Bryant, whom Longfellow called his "maestro," was never really well known to the English people, nor was Emerson, nor Lowell, nor Whitman, nor any of the others.

Many of Longfellow's shorter pieces have become familiar to every Englishman in the form of songs, which is in itself a notable proof of his great popularity.

He was, and I believe still is, popular in the truest sense—known to and loved by all classes of the people. Hawthorne writes to Longfellow in 1855, from Liverpool:

> I am very sorry you are not coming over at present, both on my own account and yours. You ought to be in England to gather your fame, which is greater, I think, than you are likely to estimate. No other poet has anything like your vogue. Did you hear how the Harrow school-boys, a few months ago, decided by a formal vote (as I understand) that you are the first poet of the age? I make great play at dinner-tables by means of you. Every lady—especially the younger ones—enters on the topic with enthusiasm, and my personal knowledge of you sheds a luster on myself. Do come over and see these people!

In the following year Hawthorne writes again:

> In London, a few evenings ago, I happened to be at Evans's supper rooms, to which I was introduced by Mr. Albert Smith. The proprietor introduced himself to me, and expressed a high sense of the honor which my presence did him. He further said that it had been "the dream and romance of his life" to see Emerson, Channing, Longfellow—and he was kind enough to add, me—sitting together at a table in his rooms! I could not but smile to think of such a party of roysterers drinking at one of his tables, smoking and listening to a Bacchanalian catch from his vocalists! The band played "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" in my honor, and several of your songs were sung! The proprietor entreated me to lay this "edition de luxe," as he called it, of his programme "at your feet." You must certainly go there when you come to London.

"Evans's" was a supper room in Covent Garden, much frequented when I was young. It was famous for its "Welsh rabbits" and other delicacies. Small tables were dotted about the room, and there was a stage at the end from which the "vocalists"—all men or boys—entertained the audience. The singing was good, and the proprietor a very well known character. It was the fashion to go to Evans's on the night of the University boat race, when the fun used to get fast and furious, and occasionally ended in a free fight. It was not exactly the place where I should have expected to see Longfellow—but he was fond of his pipe and his bottle of Rhine wine—and Evans's was quite respectable.

Hawthorne goes on: "I have been in all sorts of parties within the last few weeks, and in every single one of them your name is spoken with the highest interest and admiration. Your fame is in its fullest blow; the flower cannot open wider. If there is any bliss at all in literary reputation, you ought to feel it at this moment. I am not quite sure that it is a very enjoyable draught; but if you drink it at all, it is best to take it hot and sweet and spiced to the utmost. So do come over to England this summer."

Longfellow's biographer tells how, when Longfellow did go to London in 1868, "out of a group of people upon the sidewalk a laboring man came forward, and, asking if he were the poet, begged to be allowed to shake hands with him," and then put the poet to flight by reciting a verse of "Excelsior;" how he took his doctor's degree at Cambridge and was cheered by the undergraduates; how he was welcomed by poets and statesmen and all the most distinguished men in the country; how he was received "cordially and without ceremony" by Queen Victoria, and also by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward; and how, after his death, "the gratitude of many of England's best and noblest has placed his marble image among her own honored dead, in the shadowy seclusion of Westminster's Poet's Corner."

Longfellow's conquest of England was the more remarkable because, at the time

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that he began writing, the attitude of English critics toward American literature was, to say the least, extremely cold. In 1844 Longfellow animadverted strongly upon it. "I dislike as much as any one can," he writes, "the tone of English criticism in reference to our literature." It is a proof of his great qualities that he was able to overcome so entirely and so rapidly the prejudice which existed. It is perhaps creditable also to the open-mindedness and to the judgment of the English people that they were able to break away so thoroughly from their literary traditions. "Who ever reads an American book?" the critics asked; and the answer of the people was, "We all do—and love it."

To many Americans it seems strange that Longfellow should have met with so much more success in England than other American poets, and it is not altogether easy to explain, or understand, what the reasons were. In 1868 an English newspaper wrote of him in the following words:

"He is the familiar friend, who has sung to every household, and set to music their aspirations and their affections. He is the poet of our sober English nature, with its deep undercurrent of earnestness and enthusiasm, yet with its dislike of extravagance, and its joy in the tender relations of life. He shows us the poetic side of ordinary events."

There is much truth in these words, but it is not perhaps the whole truth. The travel and wide reading necessitated by Longfellow's work as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard gave him a certain detachment of mind, a breadth of knowledge and sympathy, which fitted him to write for others besides his own nation. Some of his poems, too, though not many, were on purely English themes. For instance, "King Witlaf's Drinking Horn," "The Norman Baron," "The Luck of Eden Hall," "The Warden of the Cinque Ports." Then his poems on slavery, though open to criticism in some respects, appealed strongly to the English feeling of the day. Above all perhaps is the fact that with the English people character has always counted for more than anything else, and whatever may have been Longfellow's faults of execution, there could never be the slightest doubt as to the purity and loftiness of his aims. Finally, his extreme simplicity of language, if it sometimes verged on the commonplace, made him readily understood by many to whom more ornate poetry would have been incomprehensible. He was understood by the people and he was understood by the young, and what one understands and loves when one is young retains through life the charm of association. A recent number of an English magazine, commenting upon the poetry read by English girls of the present day, states that Tennyson is the poet most read, Longfellow the next.

As to the rank accorded to Longfellow by the English people, I think any attempt to determine that accurately would be unprofitable. It would be unprofitable in the case of almost any poet. Tastes differ, and there is rarely a consensus of opinion on such a point. All that can be safely said is that, on the one hand, Longfellow is not regarded in England as a poet of the very first rank, and that, on the other, he is regarded as a genuine poet, whose best work will live as long as the English language lives.

I have indeed heard him decried and ridiculed by some people. I have heard it said that his verse is feeble stuff, "not poetry" at all. But he is in good company—Wordsworth used to be decried and ridiculed.

Longfellow of course has his limitations. No one would ascribe to him the majesty of Milton. Wordsworth, whose manner is at times like Longfellow's, is, I think, both stronger and in his simple passages more perfect.

"The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly."

—

"Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

—

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

—

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

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For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Those passages are after Longfellow's heart—but they have a quality to which Longfellow rarely, if ever, attains. Further, he has not the dreamy grace of Coleridge, or the fire and compass of Byron, or the wonderful felicity of language which distinguishes Keats. He does not take us into Shelley's fairyland. He could not have written "The Cloud" or "The Skylark."

"That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer."

There is a music in that which is not Longfellow's. By his contemporaries, too, he is excelled in certain particulars. He had not the finish nor perhaps the depth of Tennyson. He has given us nothing like "In Memoriam." You cannot imagine him writing with almost superexquisite alliteration of

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
The murmur of innumerable bees."

He has the same idea, but it is not worked out with the same patience and care:

"And the reader droned from the pulpit
Like the murmur of many bees."

In wealth of language and classical feeling and beauty of cadence he cannot compare with Swinburne:

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The Mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain."

—

"When a Goddess the pulse of thy passion
Smote kings as they reveled in Rome,
And they hailed thee risen, O Thalassian,
Foam white from the foam."

The fact is, I think, that Longfellow was apt to be a little hasty and careless in his work. It was his natural tendency, and the rapidity of his success perhaps increased it. His father writes to him in 1825: "I think you publish your productions too soon after they are written, . . . without allowing time for reflection and examination. If you re-examine them, you will find some defects which would have been corrected if you had adopted the course I recommend." And Longfellow answers: "Your opinion upon the subject of my writing coincides in a great measure with that of Mr. Parsons, the editor of the Gazette, who says that I must use more care—or that it will be for my own advantage to use more care than my communications generally exhibit." But the habit stuck to him. In 1845 he writes in his journal, "Before church wrote 'The Arrow and the Song,' which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrowy speed—literally an improvisation." In 1848 I find another entry: "Wound up with 'King Witlaf's Drinking Horn,' which I painted with a sweep of the pencil just before dinner." Of course it is true that some of a writer's happiest things come to him in this way. And it must be remembered also that Longfellow was a college professor whose days were not his own. He could hardly afford the time to finish and refinish his literary work after the manner of Tennyson, whose poetry was elaborated with the minute patience and care bestowed on the carvings of a Hindu temple. Still, it would have been better if he could have done so. In poetry form must count for much. As Ben Jonson said, when praising Shakespeare's art, "A good poet's made as well as born."

But, granting all this, it may be said, in the first place, that if Byron and others wrote some things which Longfellow could not have written, they certainly wrote some things which he would not have written. He always remained on the higher level from which they too often descended. His critics will answer, "Oh, yes. Nobody denies that he was an eminently respectable person. The question is whether he wrote poetry." But that is not a complete answer. As was said when Longfellow took his degree at Cambridge, it is the function of poetry "to solace the ills of life and draw men from its low cares *ad excelsiora*." That is just what Longfellow does, and in spite

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of any want of finish or imagination, or poetical rush and swing, the purity and high aim of his verse give it a dignity and power which cannot be ignored. Take, for example, the poem called "The Light of Stars." It is one of his early poems, and it is full, more full than most, of the defects for which his detractors ridicule him. Yet who can read it without being the better for it?

"And thou too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Poetry must be judged by the power it exercises, the feeling it arouses, not solely by its form; and Longfellow does arouse deep feeling in the great majority of men, though he may have no message for the dilettante, delicate-handed priest of an æsthetic cult. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," Keats said. We must not omit the latter part of the saying. Macaulay, another writer whose verse is decried as "not poetry," is, I think, to be justified on the same grounds.

"But hark! the cry is Astur!
And lo! the ranks divide,
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.
He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?'"

That is rough, perhaps, but—not poetry? why, it stirs your blood like a trumpet-call! Poetry is for all the world, not for the critic only.

And surely there is much beauty of form in Longfellow as well as beauty of spirit and purpose. The English Spectator, which, according to his biographer, wrote satirically of the earlier poems, such as the "Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior," also wrote of "the sweet and limpid purity, the shy and graceful humor, the cool and perfectly natural colors and forms" of his later poems—especially "Hiawatha." At times he is not without the spirit and fire which he is accused of lacking. Only a short time ago I heard one of the most distinguished of living Englishmen make that remark, and then proceed to recite from memory verse after verse of the "Slave's Dream:"

"Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream."

"That is really fine," he said. "I suppose Longfellow has contributed more to the stock of pieces one knows by heart than almost any other poet."

The fact is that different poets appeal, not only to different tastes, but to different moods. It is possible to enjoy with an intense enjoyment the delicate fancy and form of Shelley, or the rush and cadence of Swinburne, and yet to find at other times comfort and inspiration from the simple language and noble thought of the American poet. The one thing does not exclude the other, any more than listening with thorough enjoyment to a finished orator prevents one from being moved to the depths by a few earnest words spoken straight from the heart.

That is Longfellow's real strength; he speaks straight from the heart. And so he is loved by a great number of my countrymen. Possibly he is loved rather than admired. If so, I feel sure that he rejoices to know it.

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THE EVIL OF CHILD LABOR

WHY THE SOUTH SHOULD FAVOR A NATIONAL LAW

BY A. J McKELWAY

THE Beveridge-Parsons Bill, which has attracted the attention of the whole country and is now being debated in Congress, provides, in brief, that no common carrier shall transport from one State to another the products of any mine or factory where children under fourteen years are employed. The common carrier protects itself against violation of the law by requiring that the mine or factory shall deposit with the railway agent every six months a certificate to the effect that no children under fourteen years of age are employed or have been employed during the preceding six months. The mine or factory protects itself from the violation of the law by the simple expedient of not employing children under fourteen years of age.

Of course the bill has been drawn with reference to the clause of the Constitution which gives to Congress exclusively the right to regulate commerce between the States, with foreign countries, and with the Indian tribes. The power to regulate commerce involves the power of prohibiting the transportation of articles of commerce. The States had that power before yielding it to the Congress. The transfer of that power was absolute. Therefore the question of States' rights is not involved. The issue is rather one of expediency, whether the regulation of this evil should be left to the local authorities alone, either of State or city, or should be also undertaken by the National Government.

It should be said that the proposed bill necessarily concedes the necessity of State laws on the subject. It touches the evil in its two sorest spots, the employment of children in mines and in factories. It leaves to the States, or to the localities involved, the correction of the evil in stores, in the street trades, perhaps in the sweat-shops, unless they can be brought under the definition of a factory. But it is believed that the proposed National law will cut the heart out of the evil throughout the Nation. And it is also held, by those who have had considerable experience with the failures of present laws without an elaborate and expensive machinery of enforcement and inspection, that it will be almost automatic in its operations.

For the corporations engaged in mining and in the various manufactures are growing to have a wholesome respect for Federal law. The Department of Justice at Washington has been displaying an activity that has excited the keenest appreciation of the people at large, and they will never suffer again what has been endured through its inactivity. The factories are small and few that will sell their products in the State of their manufacture only and thus be protected by the operation of the States' rights principle. And the mines and factories are few that will run the risk not only of prosecution but of an embargo on their goods.

To quote freely from Senator Beveridge's masterly Constitutional argument on this question, it has already been decided in the lottery case that the power of Congress to regulate inter-State commerce extends to the prohibition of the transportation of lottery tickets. The police power of all the States might have abolished the evil. But the simple and effective remedy, supplementing State laws, was the prohibition of the transportation of lottery tickets, as by the express companies. That has abolished the lottery in the Union. Again, the power of Congress over inter-State commerce and over foreign commerce is exactly the same. Congress has already prohibited in the McKinley and Dingley tariff laws the importation of goods made by convict labor. Congress has the

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power, if it sees fit, to prohibit the transportation from one State to another of goods made by convict labor. It would seem to follow as the night the day that it has the power to prohibit the transportation from one State to another of child-made goods.

And now, why should the South favor this law? First, because it is in general sympathy with the recent applications of this power for the protection of the people of the States, such as the pure food law, the meat inspection law, the railway rate law. It has learned, through long and sometimes bitter experience, that one State is no match for the oppressive corporations when they want to do business in that State from the bulwark of the State that charters them. They have actually found the Federal courts the protectors of the corporations doing an inter-State business until Congress passed the laws that the Federal courts could act upon. It may be argued, from the lawyer's point of view, that the pure food and meat inspection laws are for the protection of the consumer and not for the correction of evils incident to their manufacture. The people have forced many such distinctions into the background to get at an evil. But there is also a rapidly growing conviction in the social conscience that people have a right to be protected against the purchase of child-made goods, that they have a right to know whether the goods were made at the cost of the lives and health of little children. Probably the Lottery Bill would have been declared unconstitutional fifty years ago, because the conscience of the people had not been educated to the enormity of the lottery evil. Yet the people have ever been impatient with fine-spun distinctions when they were determined to abolish a great and cruel wrong.

Now, just as the Louisiana Lottery wrung tribute from the whole country, so a State cannot protect itself against all the consequences of child labor in a bordering State. Tennessee, for example, has an age limit of fourteen, with a fair factory inspection. South Carolina, just beyond its borders, has an age limit of twelve, with the legal permission that children of any age who are orphans or the children of dependent parents may work in the mills, and has no factory inspection. Tennessee manufacturers have tried to get the Tennessee age limit lowered. They say that they are being punished, from the business point of view, by the fact that they have to observe a better law than that of South Carolina. Moreover, Tennessee is losing her citizens to South Carolina. I have seen a company of fifty people from East Tennessee on the train, in charge of an agent, bound for the South Carolina cotton-mills, and the agent told me that he had "shipped" five hundred recently, and that there were other agents besides himself. If Tennessee had been one of the original thirteen colonies, she would have had the right, as a State, before entering the Union, to prohibit the importation of cotton goods from South Carolina. But the States gave the right to regulate commerce to the Nation. And there are National rights as well as States' rights—and duties—belonging both to the States and the Nation. Again, the child labor evil in the South to-day is greater than it is in any other part of the country, perhaps than in any other part of the civilized world. The South, as a whole, is not responsible. The evil is almost confined to one industry, which has always been cursed with it, and is too much cursed with it now in other sections. But the South has suffered in this regard through the enormous expansion of the cotton-mill industry and the necessarily slow progress of remedial legislation; and it takes a long time for humanity to win against the power of money. Surely the South should be unwilling to bear the odium of oppressing her little children when one industry is almost entirely responsible for it and that is mainly confined to four States. And she should not put herself in the position of perpetuating this infamy through opposition to the only effective means, in my humble judgment, that has ever been proposed to end it.

The cotton manufacturers have grown sensitive about this singling out of their business, and some of them affect to believe that the agitation which is now Nation-wide is all the result of their com-

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petition with the New England mills. Of course the idea is absurd on the face of it. There is practically no competition between the two sections in the labor market. New England capitalists are largely interested in one way or another in many of the Southern mills, and in the main the Southern mills, partly because of the unskilled labor that they employ, are engaged in making coarse goods, while the New England mills are making the finer goods with their skilled labor. It has even been demonstrated that the same class and quality of goods made in the South and in the East bring a considerably lower price when made in the South, through the bad reputation the Southern mills have won for the indifferent product of unskilled, that is child, labor.

But the census bulletin just issued, Number 69, analyzing the statistics of the Census of 1900, furnishes startling and absolute proof of the bad eminence the South has attained as the employer of child labor.

Without going into the statistics, let the census bulletin state the following conclusions:

To a greater extent than any other manufacturing or mechanical industry, the cotton-mill furnishes employment for children. . . . Almost two-thirds of the total number of cotton-mill operatives, ten to fifteen years of age, were in the Southern States . . . due not so much to the concentration of this industry in the South as to the greater tendency in the South to employ children. . . . In the North about one cotton-mill operative out of every ten was ten to fifteen years of age, while in the South the corresponding figures were about three in every ten. Of the total number of child cotton-mill operatives . . . North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia contained forty-nine per cent. . . . Not only do the cotton-mills of the South employ more children in proportion to the total number of operatives than their competitors in the North, but they employ a relatively larger number of young children. . . . The effect of child labor laws is especially noticeable in the figures for child breadwinners under ten years of age. In the selected area three hundred and seventy-five such children were reported as breadwinners under ten years of age, and of these five were in the North, where the employment of children is restricted by law, and three hundred and seventy were in the South, where no such law was in force in 1900. These figures, however, represent only a minimum of the child cotton-mill operatives under ten, for the enumerators were not required to report the occupation of such children, and thus it is probable that many were employed who were not so reported. This probability is indicated by a comparison of the figures for children nine years of age with those for children of ten. Between those ages the number at home decreases and the number employed increases, and the increment in both cases is marked. . . . The probable explanation is that many under ten are employed, but are not reported as having a gainful occupation, and so are not classified as being at home. . . . An estimate gives the following numbers [for children under 10]: For Massachusetts, 5; for Rhode Island, 8; for North Carolina, 394; for South Carolina, 419. The actual minimum for Georgia was 184, which makes a total for the three leading Southern States of 997. Of the total number of children [the bulletin is still speaking of the children of cotton-mill communities] five to nine years old, one out of every two in the North goes to school, as contrasted with one out of every five in the South; and of those ten to fourteen, the figures are, for the North, four out of ten, and for the South, one out of thirteen. In marked contrast with the figures for the employed children ten to fourteen years of age are those for the general white population, ten to fourteen. The figures for the South . . . indicate that illiteracy is almost three times as common among the employed children included in this study as among the children in the general white population.

So much for the conclusions from the census statistics made by Dr. Joseph A. Hill, chief of the department of Revision and Results.

These census figures for 1900 cut the ground from under the feet of those who are apologists for the system of child labor. They have but lately shifted their ground. They used to say that child labor of course prevailed, but that it was a good thing, that it gave an industrial education along with a livelihood. But the growing horror of the evil among all humane people has changed this ground to the other, that child labor is a bad thing, but that there is very little of it, and that about to pass away entirely. Recently two cotton-mill manufacturers came from one of the Carolinas to New York, to the meeting of the Civic Federation, to contradict the exaggerated accounts of the evil, and to commend the manufacturers, especially, for what they were doing for the cause of education. Three statements made in an advertisement of the National Child Labor Committee, published in The

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Outlook, have been made points of attack: that there were sixty thousand children under fourteen in the Southern cotton-mills, that little girls eight years of age worked a twelve-hour night in the cotton-mills, and that a President of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association stated that seventy-five per cent. of the spinners of North Carolina were fourteen years of age and under. The fact is that the evil is minimized by manufacturers when an appeal is made to public opinion, and the number of children employed is magnified when the appeal is to the commercial instincts of a Southern Legislature.

Mr. R. M. Miller, Jr., of Charlotte, North Carolina, formerly President of the Southern Spinners' Association, afterwards President of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association, in an interview in the Raleigh Post, January 31, 1905, was reported as saying "that the McKelway Bill would work incalculable injury to the milling interests of the State. Nearly seventy-five per cent. of the spinners of this State are between the ages of twelve and fourteen." Mr. Miller afterwards corrected this statement to the one quoted in The Outlook, that "seventy-five per cent. of the spinners were fourteen years old and under." As to the working of girls of eight years a twelve-hour night, there are sixty-six mills in North Carolina that work at night, and the hours are sixty-six a week, which, with the half-holiday given on Saturday, amount to twelve hours a day or night, for five days of the week. The census figures for 1900 in the selected areas of Charlotte, Asheville, Greensboro, Raleigh, and Winston-Salem show in the partial reports of the enumerators, who were not required to report children at work under ten, the following facts: Employed, 1 child of five, 1 of six, 2 of seven, 11 of eight, and 23 of nine, and from this the minimum estimate is made of 394 children from five to nine years of age in the cotton-mills of North Carolina.

In Spartanburg and Greenville Counties, South Carolina, the corresponding figures are, for the children at work in the cotton-mills: 1 child of five, none of six, 14 of seven, 34 of eight, 98 of nine—the same minimum estimate being 419 child workers under ten in South Carolina. Is it an exaggeration to say that little girls of eight toil at night in the cotton-mills?

The bulletin gives for 1900, 96,467 cotton-mill operatives in the Southern States. This does not include the operatives of knitting-mills, which also manufacture cotton and are popularly called cotton-mills, where children also are freely employed. Of course the industry in the South has grown by leaps and bounds since 1900, the amount of capital invested being about doubled. The Blue Book for 1906–7 reports by fair calculation 209,000 operatives in Southern cotton and knitting mills. Thirty per cent. ten to fifteen would make a total of 62,700 of children employed. To which we may add, say 3,000 children under ten, making 65,700. But this is on the theory that there has been no increase in the percentage of children employed in the Southern mills since 1900. My opinion is that there has been an increase, and for the following reason. The building of new mills has made a pressing demand for labor lest the spindles should be idle. The high price of cotton has tended to draw the operatives back to the farms, the real competition in the labor market being between the mill and the farm that is dependent upon tenant labor. Now in this process the smaller families have been going back to the farm, where the man can make a living for his wife and children, and the larger families have been drifting to the mills. I have before me a copy of an agreement between a cotton-mill association and the people sought for the mill, in which transportation is agreed to be furnished for families with "three or more workers." Suppose, under this demand for any labor that will do the work, there has been an increase to thirty-five per cent. of children in the cotton-mills. That would make 78,150 for children under sixteen, so that the estimate of 60,000 under fourteen does not seem to have been such an exaggeration.

But there has been the beginning of restrictive legislation in the Southern States. North Carolina, South Carolina,

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and Alabama passed child labor laws in 1903 and Georgia in 1906, effective 1907 and in other provisions in 1908. The age limit of twelve, with exceptions, was reached by a gradual process in South Carolina in 1906. The natural question is, Has not this legislation restricted the abuse of childhood that did obtain in 1900?

In answer, I would say that the arousal of public sentiment has possibly taken the children of six and seven out of the mills, unless these were inconspicuously located. But there is no factory inspection, no compulsory education laws, and there has not been a single prosecution for the violation of the child labor law in these States that I have ever heard of. Every now and then a child of seven or eight will be injured in a mill, and then there is a temporary cleaning out of the children. The better class of mills do undoubtedly try to observe the law, but it is easy for the family that wishes to hire the child of eight or nine or ten to move to a conscienceless factory. It is a matter of common knowledge that the laws are violated. Of course factory inspection by the States will help to enforce the laws when we can get it. But the age limit is two years lower, and in some exceptional cases four years lower, in the South than in the rest of the civilized world, and the double task of reaching a proper age limit and a good standard of law enforcement will scarcely be reached in the South in our generation.

So that, with these appalling facts in view, the South must face, not the question of States' rights, but the vital question, before the very bar of civilization itself, whether her people really want to rescue these little children from the known consequences of premature toil. Shall the South proclaim to the world that she cares less about her own children, of purest Anglo-Saxon strain, than the North has cared for the children of the foreigner? The illiteracy of the South can be excused partly on the ground of the poverty that followed war. But indifference to this problem and hostility to an effective solution of it can only be explained by the fact that we have put our new-found prosperity above the sacredness of human life, even the life of sacred childhood itself.

And if that should be the attitude of the South as represented in the political sphere, then we of the South who want to save the children of this generation must make our appeal to the Nation for help. The story that a half-dozen innocent negro men are held in peonage excites the Nation, and the criminals are punished. Cannot the Nation find a way to save 60,000 little white children, also held, willingly or unwillingly, to labor?

I am one of those who believe that the Nation has already heard this cry of the children, of the North as well as of the South, for the numbers are greater in the North, while the proportion is greater in the South. There is no appeal more powerful than that which helpless childhood makes. There is no vengeance like that of the lioness robbed of her whelps. Woe betide those who would stand in the way of the Nation as she rushes to the defense of her children!

And it seems to me that the great corporations, the manufacturers, the coal barons, the "interests," as they are sometimes called, should be slow to array themselves against the rights of childhood. There is to be a tariff controversy in this country at no distant day. With the revelations that have been and will be increasingly made about the oppression of the children, will the protected interests be in good position to ask the continuance of the favor of the American people, especially if the defeat of remedial legislation in the interests of the children can be laid to their charge? Can they ask for the protection of infant industries when proved guilty of the exploitation of infant industry? And would it not be well to stop the agitation and the revelations by the speedy passage of a National law? Remember the meat-packers!

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MY LADY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BY KATHARINE F. ELLIS

THERE is no denying the fact that I was decidedly sleepy and fast growing stupid and cross as the moving train bore me onward to my destination and I realized the fact, more and more, that I must sit there all through the night—*there* in the ordinary day coach without so much as a pillow to save my poor neck from dislocation. Every berth in the Pullman was taken, and I was face to face with my first experience of sitting up all night—a prospect far from pleasing.

It was on a train of the Oregon Short Line, going from Butte, Montana, to Salt Lake City; my companions, two widows of middle age, whose best days had been spent on Montana ranches. I had early in the evening drained them dry, so to speak, of all interesting information. They had told me of coming West at a time when the swiftest mode of transportation to Montana was by steamer on the Missouri River as far as Fort Benton, thence by stage to Helena. I was duly interested in all they had to tell: their trip of seventy-five days from St. Louis to Fort Benton; their journeyings to different valleys, not stopping until they found the one best adapted for their business of stock-raising; their lack of neighbors and consequent loneliness; but all this had happened years ago, and they were now sitting beside me as comfortable and placid as if life had been for them a flowery bed of ease, and happy as children at their prospect of a winter in California. They had ceased to hold my attention; I cared no more for their past with all its hardships than I cared for their future with its easy life and pleasures. They were negative sort of women, who could never hold my interest, unless perhaps at meal-time, when I might be at their mercy. I could not forget my own discomfiture at the prospect of a sleepless night, and looked about me for something or somebody to occupy my thoughts. Since that night I have tried to put myself back into the same condition of mind that I was then enjoying, and have vainly wondered how I could have survived the night had not My Lady of the Rocky Mountains come to my rescue. She gave me food for thought and field for action—but I must introduce you to her in the proper fashion.

It was at Dillon, Montana, that she came on board—a pale, sweet-faced woman of thirty, carrying in her arms a very tiny baby, and followed by a procession of boys of varying sizes and ages. Kind friends accompanied her, bringing lunch-basket, telescope bag, and roll of blankets, and with a hurried good-by left her alone with her small army of boys. My sleepiness vanished, and I was alert in an instant. What right had I to complain of the lack of a night's sleep when that woman would not catch so much as a nap? How *could* she sleep with the care of that family on her mind? And, besides, I heard her say as her friends left, "Yes, I must change cars at Pocatello." "What time?" "Oh, about two o'clock in the morning."

Impulsively I rose from my seat and soon found myself standing beside her, offering my assistance, expressing my interest in her family, and giving assurances of my ability to deal with children from a month old up to any age. While thus advertising myself, I was taking inventory of the children, noting ages, size, and personal appearance. The oldest was a curly-headed, manly little fellow of eleven; the next in the descending scale was like his mother in looks, and he was about eight; then came a space of five years before we came down to the fat, rollicking boy of three; next to him was the last year's baby of fourteen months, and finally the wee new baby boy in his mother's arms. The seat which was turned facing the mother

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held the three smallest youngsters, while the oldest boy was beside her. Did they cry and fuss and tumble over one another as they sat there? Not a bit of it; each one acted as if he were a duly appointed body-guard to the mother, besides taking the part of a wise elder brother to the one just below him in the scale.

She moved slightly towards the boy, as if expressing a desire that I should sit beside her, and I, nothing loth, was soon wedged into the third of a seat, not even thinking that I generally required a good two-thirds of any seat. In such manner began my acquaintance with My Lady of the Rocky Mountains, which acquaintance, to be exact, lasted from nine in the evening until two in the morning—five hours, yet hours replete with enjoyment and rich in information. So interested did I become in My Lady's fortunes, both past, present, and future, that I speedily forgot all my own troubles, and was sleepy no longer.

"Could I hold the baby, and give her a little rest?" "Certainly," was the answer, for I knew that with that baby in my arms it would be much easier for me to get nearer to her life's history. I learned that her husband was then on the train—at that moment looking after the baggage—but he would leave at the next station, and return to their ranch alone, while she kept on to her mother's home in Kansas. When he came to say good-by, I complimented him on his fine family of boys, to which he replied, "I am very proud of them," and the little faces turned up to his for a last good-by kiss evinced *their* fondness for him.

"Will he drive home to-night?" I asked. "Oh, no," she replied, "he will stay over night here at Dell, which is the nearest railroad station to the ranch, and drive home to-morrow," and there came into her face an expression as if she realized for the first time the growing divergence of their paths.

"But if Dell is the nearest point to the ranch, how did it happen that you all took the train at Dillon, some fifty miles further off?" And then, with a fond look at the baby in her arms, and at the same time adjusting the bottle to the second baby's convenience, she explained in this fashion: "We all came down to Dillon two months ago, as I could not have the services of a doctor and nurse at the ranch, and just as we were ready to go home again I decided to go to Kansas to see my mother; as I only decided yesterday noon that I would go, you can imagine that we had some hustling to do to get ready."

"How old is the baby?" I asked, assuming it to be at least six weeks old, for it had been so enveloped in cloak and bonnet that I had not had a good look at it. She replied, "Three weeks," with a placid air as if there was nothing strange in the whole proceeding. "Three weeks!" I gasped, looking closely at her to make sure that I was not mistaken. "Yes," she said, "three weeks old to-day, but I am so much better and stronger than I was last year when that one came"—pointing to the last year's baby—"that I call myself well." "And did you go to Dillon *last* year?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she said, "there is nothing else to do; I could have no attention at Dell—where my husband left the train—so we go on to Dillon, take a furnished house or some rooms, put the older children in school, and wait—" "For the stork to come your way?" I interrupted. Smiling in a gentle sort of a way, she said, "Yes, that's just it."

I looked across at the last year's baby, who had now fallen asleep on his three-year-old brother, and had a feeling of pity for him that he should so soon have his place usurped; but my pity was evidently uncalled for, as at that moment he opened his eyes and looked at me as if he wanted to say, "It's all right, for I was glad of the chance to go to Dillon, and but for the new baby's coming I might never have seen the world—and Dillon." He shut up his eyes and went to sleep again, and for a few moments I was busy thinking what My Lady's life had been. I noticed the new shoes and the white collars and neckties worn by the boys, the handsome overcoat on the three-year-old, the white cloak and dainty lace bonnet on the new baby, and said to myself: "She is taking them home well dressed, but how she has worked to do it!" The mother was neatly and suitably dressed for traveling,

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and there was nothing in the appearance of any one of them to indicate that they were from a Montana ranch high up in the Rocky Mountains—I beg your pardon, ranchers of the great Northwest; I have modified my opinions, and should have said that they were not like the dwellers of ranches as I had supposed them to be. I was therefore all the more surprised when I learned of their isolated life, their lack of school privileges and society of any kind, and then and there I felt that my previous conception of ranch families must go to the four winds if this family was a type of all. As if in answer to my thoughts, she told me of her life from the time she married twelve years ago and came with her husband to Beaverhead County in Montana, settling within a mile or two of the summit of the Rockies. They bought nine hundred and sixty acres of "improved" land, the improvement consisting of a one-room cabin only, which the original owner had been obliged to put up in order to maintain his claim to the property. The dimensions of this room were sixteen by twenty feet, and in that room they lived until after their fourth child was born. A year ago they built a log cabin of five rooms, the husband doing all the heavy work and the wife the papering. "For," she added, "we must do it all ourselves, even to the cutting and hauling of the logs, or else do without our new home."

"And do you mean to say that you all lived in that one room—slept, cooked, and ate there—your husband and yourself and the four children?"

"I do mean just that," she said, laughing at my evident consternation; "it's only a matter of planning. You see," she went on to explain, "I put the two beds together at one end of the room, leaving space enough between them for a trunk in which we kept most of our clothing. Then for a table I had a large dry-goods box, opened at one side, in which were shelves and hooks for pots and kettles and similar kitchen utensils. But now," she added, proudly, "we have three chambers, a parlor, and a kitchen, but I don't know that I am any happier than I was in the one-room home. My husband and I worked together; I always helped him outdoors when the babies were asleep, and we saved our washing for rainy days when he could help me indoors."

Their capital in the beginning was three hundred dollars, with one pair of horses, and at the present time their horses and cattle range the mountains, and each year bring them in a good living income. I confess I was not as deeply interested in the details of stock-raising, the number of head they owned, and the market price, as I was in her domestic life and work, and her ability to accept as a natural, every-day existence one that seemed to me exceptional in its hardships and lack of enjoyment.

I was able to draw my own conclusions, however, that they had prospered financially, or they could not present the well-fed and well-clothed appearance now so apparent.

"But have you no one for neighbors?" I asked.

"No one but a few bachelors who live on neighboring ranches and occasionally give us a call."

I thought of all that it must mean to a man who "baches," as they say out in Montana, to go into that well-kept home where children were sweet and well-mannered, and the bread did not taste of too much soda. How those men live alone, year after year, as they do, is a conundrum, but, as Kipling says, "that's another story." My mind was running on those bachelors as My Lady was going on with her talk; I brought myself back and listened.

"We have to go twenty-five miles for our mail and for all our supplies, except what we send to a mail-order store for. My husband goes to town several times in the fall until the grub-stake is all in for the winter."

"The what?" I asked. "What is it that you put in for the winter?"

"Grub-stake," she replied, as if everybody ought to know what that is; but as my face maintained its blank expression, she was kind enough to explain that all ranchers buy their winter's supply of food in the fall months, and this supply is called, in miners' parlance, "grub-stake." She said, "We always buy—" and then came an enumeration of vary-

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ing amounts of food products which made my head whirl, and I begged her to stop until I found pencil and paper, for I knew that even if I had been able to remember the quantities stated no one would have believed me unless I was able to verify my statement. With pencil in hand I said, "Now you may begin," and here is the list just as she gave it to me: 1,000 pounds of flour, 400 pounds of sugar, 50 pounds of lard, 50 pounds of coffee, 1,500 pounds of "spuds" (which being interpreted to an Eastern farmer meaneth potatoes), 300 pounds of cabbages, 350 pounds of carrots, 250 pounds of beans—and here she interpolated that they all just loved baked beans. "And there are the dried fruits," she added, "the canned goods, and lots of other things I can't remember."

"And has your grub-stake been put in for the winter?" I asked.

"No; my husband will go home now, and after driving in the forty calves to their winter quarters—for the cows with their calves are not allowed to range in the winter—he will take his big wagon and drive to town, buy our grub-stake, and carry it back to the ranch. We made out the list together before I left, but he knows just as well as I do what is needed for the family. When all that is done, he will come for us—perhaps in a month or so—and we shall all come home together."

"I should almost have thought you would have left the oldest boy at home as company for his father," I remarked.

"Yes, his father would have kept him except that he knew I needed his assistance." I had noticed his willingness to do everything his mother asked of him, from taking off the second baby's cloak to the picking up of its bottle, and not once did he act in any way that did not show that it was his business to play the part of a family helper, so I christened him "little father." During our conversation the "little father" had slipped out into another seat, where he had stretched himself out and fallen asleep, without so much as loosening his necktie. And she told me of what that boy could do—get a breakfast for the family when she was sick; take care of the fires; wait on the younger children, and"—but she did not enumerate further, breaking off with—"My children must help me, or I could never get along as I do."

But I could not get away from the thought of that grub-stake, and kept referring to it again and again, inquiring "how they could ever eat so much." "Why, my husband," she said, "thinks nothing of eating a whole mince pie in the evening, with a big piece of pork cake thrown in"—but before she could continue that evening bill of fare I was asking about the pork cake—what was it like, how did she make it?"

"As you have your pencil and paper," she said, "you may as well put that down with the rest of your information, for I have the rule right in my head, I've made it so much." So, for the benefit of other ranchers who may have husbands and children with big appetites, I'll give it in full:

One pint of salt pork, chopped; one pint of cold coffee; two pounds of sugar; one teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make it good and stiff; plenty of raisins and currants.

"This rule makes a large quantity," she added, "and I always bake it in a milk-pan. When I have that and a dozen mince pies on hand, I think I am provided for, at least for a few days."

As we were talking I noticed the fine quality of the baby's dress, with its hemstitching and drawn-work, and asked if it was possible that she put all that work into her baby clothes. "Oh, that is only a common dress," she said; "I have three others much handsomer, with finer work," and in a somewhat exultant fashion—as much as to say, "I am not so commonplace as you may think I am"—she said, "And all my sheets and pillow-cases are finished in the same way, with hemstitching and drawn-work." And when I asked how on earth she found time to do such fancy work, she said that after the children were in bed she worked and her husband whittled. "So," she added, "we have our little home full of all sorts of pretty things he has made." Of course I tried to convince her that she was a very foolish woman to do that unnecessary work—while in my heart I was admiring her ability to do it—but her defense was that she had no club to

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attend, no neighbors to visit, no church work to take her time, so she had a right to do the things it pleased her best to do.

Hemstitching and drawn-work in a log cabin twenty-five miles from a post-office, and in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains! What *would* she tell me next? "And I take eight magazines, and read them all, too." I was now prepared to have her tell me that she had established a public library in her neighborhood, that it had been endowed by Mr. Carnegie, and so on; but at this point the subject changed to shopping—how did she manage to buy the clothes for herself and family?

"Well," she said, "I can't go shopping like other women. So when my catalogue comes from a mail-order store, I say to my husband, 'Let's go to Chicago to-night and buy all our winter clothes.' So we sit down together and make out a list from that catalogue of all sorts of wearing apparel, from the baby's stockings to overalls for the boys; and we haven't paid a single cent for car-fare, either. We frequently order a hundred dollars' worth at a time, as there is economy in buying all we can in that way rather than paying twice as much for the same things in the near-by stores."

The children by this time were beginning to wake up. The wee baby squirmed a little, as if he didn't like his bonnet; the fourteen-months infant sat upright with a smile and his mouth put up for a kiss, while the older boys were putting on coats and straightening out neckties—and there it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and not a murmur or a whimper out of one of them. "I am glad," she said, "that they have waked up, as it will be so much easier changing cars while they are awake than to take them up from a sound sleep."

"But how can you manage, with all your bags, to get these children out from one train into another?"

"Oh, I'll get along some way," she said, and while I helped with the putting on of coats and hats, she was giving to each child his special part of the programme. As the train moved more and more slowly, the children were getting into line, and when at last the cars came to a standstill, all were ready to move, and it was in this fashion that they passed from my vision: My Lady, with the new baby in arms, carried the telescope bag with the other hand; the oldest boy carried in his arms the last year's baby of fourteen months; the eight-year-old boy led by the hand the one who was three years; and that three-year-old—nothing but a baby himself—actually tugged off the bundle of pillows and blankets, being encouraged by his mother, who said, "He thinks he's a little man." I followed in the rear with the lunch-basket, and saw them handed down the steps, one by one, and they went out into the darkness which enveloped them.

I returned to my seat in the car, which now seemed so lonely, and the sleep that had been kept in abeyance for so many hours now came in broken naps. With every turn in the seat and with every twist of my neck to make myself more comfortable, I had visions of a procession of children—but the children of my dreams had been transformed into angels whose wings were spread. And often have I seen them since in my day-dreams—My Lady of the Rocky Mountains and her little army of boys.

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SOME LIBRARY STORIES

BY A LIBRARIAN

THE changes from old to new in the matter of library administration and the distribution of books have been so rapid as to seem like the growth of a night. The day when libraries guarded their treasures in what Mr. Koopman has called "book jails" and prided themselves on never buying two copies of a volume, and the modern era when wonderful buildings and duplicates to the number of hundreds are available make one dizzy with contrast. The great city library was often a reference library only. The country library was opened for half a day each week, or, as in one village, Thursday night after prayer-meeting one could "draw books." This premium upon church-going one youthful lover of Mayne Reid and Oliver Optic remembers availing herself of gladly. And old ideas die hard. Even now the arduous duties of the librarian are considered by the thoughtless properly fulfilled by any one with feet to carry him to the shelves and hands to give out books. In a New England State, and not long ago, lived a little lady who combined the occupations of librarian and sempstress and who complained that it "took so much of her time to cut the edges of the ragged books the publishers were careless enough to leave."

The humble class of people who in these days come to a library and the queer things they do are naturally little known outside, but the librarian's sense of humor is often tickled and his sympathies awakened. Some of the actual experiences of one worker within a short space of time may be of interest and indicate the necessity for education, sympathy, tact, and skill in this profession.

It is always astonishing to find that people know so little of authors, even as to names, and in our library, where the books are open to all, we used to congratulate ourselves that such safe and readable writers as Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Barr stand on the front shelves. And somehow one never gets used to the old sailor who will read nothing but the quietest home love story, and the motherly personage known in our country districts as a "monthly nurse," who dotes upon the detective story.

To be sure, there are those who know a little of certain novelists. One reader is a great admirer of Crockett, but surprised us by saying that she wanted the "Stickit Minister's Wooing," as she supposed it was a sequel to the "Minister's Wooing." An old lady slammed down one of George Meredith's brilliant volumes with the exclamation, "There ain't one word of sense in that from cover to cover!" Old Garrity is well named, for a most garrulous soul is he, expecting to talk by the half-hour about what he has brought back to the desk and what he wants to take away. He is perpetually begging for something about Ireland, and we had exhausted our slender store. He had been highly pleased with Walter Besant's "Fifty Years Ago," because, as he truculently remarked, "Daniel O'Connell was the greatest man that ever lived, and Mr. Walter Bee-sant gives him high praise." Finally, I was driven to tell Garrity that I had no more distinctively Irish history, but that much of Ireland appears in English history, and as a happy compromise I offered him the "History of Our Own Times," by his countryman, Mr. Justin McCarthy. What was my disappointment to have this happy suggestion received with an indignant sniff. "Huh!" replied the old man, "I never did think much of thim McCarthys. They're about the meanest set of folks ever I came acrost." Whereupon, all too late, it flashed upon me that there is almost a blood-feud in that part of our town known as Dublin between the race of Garrity and McCarthy.

A young woman came mincing in one day, and, with that peculiar note we all recognize as the silly voice, proceeded

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to put me through an examination. "Got any books by Charlotte Braeme?" "No." "Laura Jean Libbey?" "No," somewhat stiffly. "Georgie Sheldon?" "No," with marked stiffness by this time. "Oh, dear, ain't you? Well, I s'pose you got some o' Mr. Shakespeare's works. I think they're elegant. I've read 'em three times."

Happening to meet a distinguished college professor whose specialty is literature, I told him this story, whereupon he commented that it illustrated the universality of Shakespeare. This had not struck me. I had thought it illustrated the universality of the father of lies. It never occurred to me that the girl was telling the truth, but perhaps this is the difference between the outlook of the college professor and of the librarian.

To me appeared one morning a little old woman with white hair, cut very short, and a bonnet of the sort which closely resembles an inverted tin pan. Shabby black ribbons held this under her chin. Her calico dress was clean but faded, and on her arm hung a big brown covered basket of the antiquated shape that we associate with the belongings of our grandmothers. She had kept a book over time, and had been notified by card. She approached the desk with a manner nicely compounded of grievance and bravado, saying, as she advanced, "I couldn't help it; I was sick—I couldn't help it—I finished it soon's I could."

I replied gently that I was sorry, but the fine was only four cents, whereupon the statement was reiterated with this addition, "I can't hear, I'm very deef." I tried again, much louder, but it was no use. I then had recourse to paper and pencil, writing the words I had just spoken. The woman's eyes fell upon the screed for a second, when she hastily remarked, "I can't read it. My eyes are weak. Can't I please have another book? Please, can't I? I finished it soon's I could."

I meekly assented, and the borrower turned, with great deliberation and apparently perfect eyesight, to the shelves to select her book. Meanwhile I had written, "We will let the fine go this time, but please be more careful in future." Madam Innocent read this promptly and shamelessly, with no explanation of her suddenly recovered eyesight, and trotted out with "Elsie Dinsmore" safely reposing in her brown basket.

A pretty young widow, who asked with such manifest embarrassment for some sort of book that should tell how to write a letter, I longed to direct to Samivel Weller, or, better yet, to answer in a friendly way, "Tell me all about him; I'll help you write the letter."

Fortunately for our young assistants, who really cannot read everything, there seems to be a sort of second sense developed which makes them discover the sort of book that will please certain classes of people. For sooner or later almost everybody comes to the desk for advice.

The librarian in a small city or a country town may be a person of importance, and then, besides being considered responsible for everything that goes on in the library, and every book that is or is not there, he is often considered responsible for a good deal that goes on outside of it.

A shabby man met the president of our library, and fervently remarked: "You don't know how much good the library is doing; why, it is better than the police."

I have spoken of having once considered Mrs. Barr, as a writer, "safe." But my faith in this regard was shaken. An elderly woman, an entire stranger to me till she came to the library, seemed lonely, and I had taken especial pains to serve her. One day I received the following penciled letter from her: "You have almost broken my heart by sending such a dreadful book for my husband to read aloud. Not one word in it is really applicable to me, but you must have intended it so or you would not have sent it"—and so on for several pages. Imagine my consternation till I found the book to be the apparently innocent "Paul and Christina." After such an experience one can picture the poor librarian being held responsible by a wild mother because her son had become a gambler from reading Bulwer's "Money," or a skeptic from reading

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"Robert Elsmere," and so on through the gamut of brother-keeping.

And then there is always with us the burning question as to the morality of the books chosen. Once I was soundly berated for the wickedness of a certain volume, and then asked, without a quiver, for another story by the same author.

To the breathless school-boy who demanded the "Fool's Dictionary," I was tempted to reply that I had often longed for such a compilation; but by patient questioning I found that he wanted "Poole's Index."

A young fellow innocently inquired for "Pilgrim's Progress" that he might learn something about the Pilgrim Fathers. You may say that this shows the folly of a little learning; but this was an Italian, and it was something that he should know that there are such historical characters as the Pilgrim Fathers, and that there is such a book as "Pilgrim's Progress."

Indeed, one may well feel that the generation now growing up, and accustomed to the use of books in our libraries, will show a marked difference in education from past generations. The boys and girls develop a readiness to assimilate the sort of knowledge they find there which is often surprising, and their air of pride and ownership is interesting and amusing.

TWO ENGLISH POETS[1]

POETRY, like the Bible, has been officially declared extinct so many times that many people have been hypnotized into the belief that the race has really lost its soul in exchange for various tangible commodities, and that the appearance of Mephistopheles to claim the forfeit under the bond is only a matter of time. Meanwhile volumes of verse appear from time to time which seem to indicate that the imagination has not entirely gone into trade, and that the children of song still play in the great modern workshop. Two poets have recently appeared in England whose work is highly encouraging to those who believe that men still keep the gift of song in spite of this preoccupation.

The slender volume of "Poems" by Mr. Noyes has those qualities which promise fresh contact with the materials of which poetry is made, and not a vain repetition of old moods and a skillful resetting of well-worn motives. He is, to begin with, a singer and not a thinly disguised philosopher or a reformer who has possessed himself of a musical instrument. He has a voice of compass and sweetness, and his tones flow clear and sweet, with the courage of a real talent and the richness of a full nature. It is less than a decade since Mr. Noyes was rowing in the Exeter eight at Oxford, and he has just passed his twenty-sixth birthday. He has, therefore, the great gift of youth, and he has not wasted it. He was a contributor to several English periodicals of high rank—the Spectator, the Bookman, the London Outlook, the Speaker—before his name appeared on the title-page of a book; five small volumes now stand to his credit—"The Loom of Years," "The Flower of Old Japan," "Poems," "The Forest of Wild Thyme," and "Drake, an English Epic;" the present volume contains representative selections from this work, with a number of pieces that now appear for the first time.

Mr. Noyes shows thorough knowledge of verse forms and captivating ease in their use. He has both the spontaneity and the opulence of imagery and diction of the poet in whose making nature has had a liberal share. "The Passing of Summer," upon which the reader comes as soon as he opens this volume, brings that sense of richness which still awaits one when he takes down Keats and lets the book fall open at random. Such verses as these stand in no need of gloss or comment:

"Tell us no more of Autumn, the slow gold
Of fruitage ripening in a world's decay,

[1] *Poems.* By Alfred Noyes. The Macmillan Company, New York.
The Worker and Other Poems. By Coningsby William Dawson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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The falling leaves, the moist rich breath
Of woodlands crumbling through a gorgeous death
To glut the cancerous mould!
Give us the flash and scent of keen-edged may
Where wastes that bear no harvest yield their bloom,
Rude crofts of flowering nettle, bents of yellow broom.

. . . . . .

The wild thyme on the mountain's knees
Unrolls its purple market to the bees!
Unharvested of men
The Traveler's Joy can only smile and die!
Joy, joy alone the throbbing white-throats bring,
Joy to themselves and heaven; they were but born to sing.

. . . . . .

What though the throstle pours his heart away,
A happy spendthrift of uncounted gold,
Swinging upon the blossomed briar
With soft throat lifted in a wild desire
To make the world his may,
E'er the pageant through the Gates is rolled
Further away; in vain the rich notes throng
Flooding the mellow noon with rapturous waves of song.

The feathery meadows, like a lilac sea,
Knee-deep, with honeyed clover red and white,
Roll billowing; the crisp clouds pass,
Trailing their soft blue shadows o'er the grass;
The sky-lark, mad with glee,
Quivers, up, up, to lose himself in light;
And, through the forest, like a fairy dream
Through some dark mind, the ferns in branching beauty stream."

The *abandon*, flowing music, and rich color of these lines attest the signature of a true poet with the great gift of joy in his keeping. It is as a singer that Mr. Noyes is presented in this selection, and his lyric quality and charm pervade the volume and harmonize with such lines as these from "Haunted in Old Japan:"

"*All along the purple creek lit with silver foam,*
Silent, silent voices, cry no more of home;
Soft beyond the cherry-trees o'er the dim lagoon
Dawns the crimson lantern of the large, low moon.

We that loved in April, we that turned away
Laughing, ere the wood-dove crooned across the May,
Watch the withered rose-leaves drift along the shore,
Wind among the roses, blow no more.

. . . . . .

Lonely starry faces, wonderful and white,
Yearning with a cry across the dim sweet night,
All our dreams are blown adrift as flowers before a fan,
All our hearts are haunted in the heart of old Japan."

Mr. Noyes has the heart of a child in his free, spontaneous, joyous acceptance of life and possession of the world; but, like every man of the childlike spirit, so akin to genius and so often its companion, he has looked into the abysses and bears the burden of the mystery. Such pieces as "A Night at St. Helena," "Christ Crucified," "De Profundis," "The Song of Re-Birth," must be read in connection with his songs if his compass is to be understood and the measure of his talent taken. These longer poems will not bear mutilation; they must be read in their entirety. That Mr. Noyes is not afraid to touch the old themes and that he touches them with a firm and resourceful hand is evidenced by this "Song:"

"I came to the doors of the House of Love
And knocked as the starry night went by;
And my true love cried, 'Who knocks?' and I said,
'It is I.'

And Love looked down from a lattice above
Where the roses were dry as the lips of the dead;
'There is not room in the House of Love
For you both,' he said.

I plucked a leaf from the porch and crept
Away through a desert of scoffs and scorns
To a lonely place where I prayed and wept
And wove me a crown of thorns.

I came once more to the House of Love
And knocked, ah softly and wistfully,
And my true love cried, 'Who knocks?' and I said,
'None now but thee.'

And the great doors opened wide apart
And a voice rang out from a glory of light,
'Make room, make room for a faithful heart
In the House of Love, to-night.'"

Mr. Dawson comes out of Oxford also, but with a very different instrument in his hand. He, too, is a lyric poet, but his manner has more abruptness and energy of phrase and his themes more insistence. He sings as one under compulsion of present conditions, and his song is more likely to arrest immediate attention than Mr. Noyes's, though it is doubtful if it will live so long in the hearts of those who hear it. If the lines entitled "Being a Poet" have any note

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of autobiography, it is evident that Mr. Dawson takes his vocation seriously and will not stand with the "idle singers of an empty day."

In the initial poem which gives its title to the volume, "The Worker," Mr. Dawson sounds the distinctive notes of his verse: passionate sympathy with contemporaneous experiences and conditions, ardent feeling, and a forcible though sometimes unmusical expression. The picture of the workman in his soiled clothes, with grimed hands, bending over the body of the dead child and speaking out of the skepticism of a despairing moment, reveals the strength and the weakness of Mr. Dawson's work. His poetry is, so to speak, too close to the age in which it is written. For that reason it is likely to be heard, for it is the voice of the moment; for the same reason it is not likely to endure. It would be unjust to Mr. Dawson, however, to give the impression that he is simply a journalist in verse. He has moods of pure poetry, as the reader of "Anchored Wings," "The Orchard of Song," and "Singing to Flo" speedily discovers. The little volume, taken as a whole, is moving rather than convincing. It contains many things which, if read with insight and sympathy, would deeply stir the emotions of those who care for the sorrowful, the outcast, and the disinherited in our time; for Mr. Dawson, while in no sense an advocate, vividly personifies and experiences the sorrow of the world of to-day. A single selection, chosen as much for its brevity as for its quality, will bring out the characteristics of this interesting and significant volume of verse:

AN OLD DESIRE

O to be as Christ was in happy Galilee,
To walk the world with healing and hands of charity,
To suffer with each cripple till our love should make him straight,
O to be as Christ was, and die without the gate.

If we had His compassion, what comfort we could make
For those in dread of dying upon some storm-tossed lake,
To walk, in spite of tempests, in the valleys of the sea,
And spend our strength for sinners in deeds of sympathy.

O to be as Christ was, to die upon a Cross
In some obscurest country, nor count our dying loss,
If only by our dangering one bondsman might be free,
And turn again from sighing to fields of Galilee.

Comment on Current Books

Besant's Mediæval London

The great work long planned by Sir Walter Besant has been carried on since his death with intelligence and with thoroughness. The present volume is uniform with three previously published dealing respectively with London in the time of the Tudors, of the Stuarts, and in the eighteenth century, while it is the second of the two volumes in which mediæval London is described, the first having to do with the historical and social aspects of London in the Middle Ages. As we understand it, the text had been prepared by Sir Walter as it stands shortly before his death. Physically the volumes of this series are worthy and beautiful. The format is that of a quarto, the cover design is rich but not over-ornate in its red ground and gilt type, and the illustrations, which are numerous, have been gathered from ancient sources and early books with assiduity and fullness of knowledge. Everything pertaining to old London was a subject of delight and one may say of living interest to Sir Walter Besant. The importance of the special subject here treated, that of the ecclesiastical and religious life of London in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, can hardly be exaggerated, for through this side of life we reach directly and intimately the human traits, the impelling motives, and the degree of social cultivation that characterized Englishmen at the English capital at this time. As the author says: "If churches and religious houses make up religion, then London in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries surely attained the highest point ever reached in religion." Here we see not only the abbeys, priories, nunneries, friaries, and churches themselves pictorially reproduced, but we have picturesque glimpses of the life of the "vast army of ecclesiastics from archbishop to Franciscan friar; hermits, anchorites,

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pardoners, limitours, somnours," and other church officers We select a single passage for quotation, not only because it is significant in itself, but because it gives, we think, a fair idea of the broad and readable way in which this work treats what many might expect to prove a dry-as-dust, antiquarian record—words which precisely describe the exact contrary of the present volume:

No street but reminded the citizens, by the sight of a spire or a wall, that the Church was with him always, to rule his life and to shorten his period of purgatory, on the simple condition of his obedience. Religion endeavored to rule the whole of society; religion claimed to control the whole conduct of politics and practical economy; but the power of religion has never been equal to her ambition; religion could not put a stop to war, or to the violences and outrages of war. Had she been able to do so, the world would now be held and bound in chains and slavery. Yet it was well that there should be the Church to restrain men in some degree. She kept in her own hands, so far, all learning, all science, all the arts, all the professions. The forms, duties, and rules of the Church attended all men from infancy to the grave. At the bidding of the Church the whole nation, from the King downwards, renounced meat for a fourth part of the whole year. This fact alone marks the enormous power of the Church. For hundreds of years the Church preached respect for human life and self-restraint with more or less vigor, and with more or less success. Sometimes the Church has fallen upon evil times; her ecclesiastics have been ambitious, worldly, licentious, avaricious; but they have always been, as a whole, superior to the world around them. Thus it may be said that the Church might always have been better, but that the world was always worse.

(Mediæval London. Vol. II. Ecclesiastical. By Sir Walter Besant. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50.)

The Christian Ideal The central reality in the life of Jesus was his saturation with the thought of God, his God-filled consciousness, his entire subjection to the Spirit of God. "The heart of Christianity" exhibited in this volume is just this heart of Jesus Christ. The author writes in deep conviction of this, as one who aspires to realize it daily and fully. Much of his work is a plain and simple argument with nominally Christian people who have no such aspiration, and are content with a low ideal of the life proposed in the Gospel to the follower of Christ. It is just a heart-to-heart talk with such, as sane as it is simple, and convincing to the open mind that is conscious of obligation to a closer discipleship. (The Heart of Christianity. By Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D., F.R.C.I. The Bradley-Garretson Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.)

A Clergyman's Helpmeet In this "story of a pioneer in temperance work" many an American worker in the same line will greet a congenial spirit. In 1858 Mrs. Wightman, then the young wife of the vicar of Shrewsbury, England, was moved by the wretchedness of drunkards in the parish to begin a movement for total abstinence. Despite criticism and difficulty, she persevered with voice and pen, devoting the profits of her books to the enlargement of her work. One of these, "Haste to the Rescue," brought many Anglican clergymen to adopt total abstinence, and promoted the organization of the Church of England Total Abstinence Society. The Bishop of Shrewsbury in 1904 compared its influence in England to the influence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in America. The distinctive trait of Mrs. Wightman's work till her death in 1898 was the deep and fervent religious spirit which was from first to last its spring and soul. (Mrs. Wightman of Shrewsbury. By the Rev. J. M. Fletcher, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The Divine Reconciliation A new line of approach to a familiar theme, and a broader conception of the theme than the word usually conveys, give this book both freshness and interest. "Atonement" (*at-one-ment*) is more than expiation, more than forgiveness; it is full reconciliation to the sovereignty of the Eternal Goodness, with faith in its quelling and quenching of all evil. The testimony of the world's best literature from Homer to Tennyson is presented to show "that both poets and theologians have expressed—the former in the beauty of art, and the latter in the clear-cut statements of dogma—the same elemental principles," however crudely or imperfectly in various instances. The usual conception of the divine atonement stops with the case of the individual sinner: it does not touch the larger problem of the evil he has wrought in others; complete atonement must somehow provide for this also. "Not merely the eradication of personal sin, but the cure of cosmical evil, is included in a gospel of reconciliation." And this is the actual Gospel, the actual atonement which "this indwelling God, whom, because most fully manifested to us by Jesus of Nazareth, we call the living Christ, is making . . . cleansing what has been stained, and making whole what has been severed," until all evil is overcome. This gospel of reconciliation, witnessed to by the world's noblest literature, as well as by the Christian Scriptures, is also taught by the profoundest philosophy, as Professor Royce has shown (see "The World and the Individual," Volume II.). At the basis of it is the fact that our life is not external to the life of God. The distinction drawn between the historical work of Jesus and the eternal work of the immanent Spirit in the reconciling process is incidentally helpful, by its exhibition of identity and difference, toward the harmonizing of Trinitarian and Unitarian

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modes of thought, which other recent writers are helping on. The author of this fruitful improvement of current theology is minister of the First Congregational Church in Waterbury, Connecticut. (Atonement in Literature and Life. By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50, net.)

Faith and Freedom

A large and difficult task is attempted in this volume of the Kerr Lectures, given last year in the Glasgow United Free College. It is a critical review of two centuries of debate upon the problem of Faith and Freedom, which arose in the Protestant Reformation. Luther built upon the postulated freedom of the Christian man. The Reformation, which emphasized the relation of this freedom to God, raised questions of its relation to society, civil and religious. Subsequent controversy tended to make it clear that freedom is the fundamental spiritual idea, and faith its necessary correlate. The progress of debate toward this conclusion, as it runs along in the works of more or less influential thinkers critically reviewed by the lecturer, forms the body of the volume. Jesuitism and Pascal's "Pensées," English Deism and Butler's Analogy, Rationalism and Kant on Pure Reason, Romanticism and Schleiermacher's Discourses on Religion, the French Revolution and Newman's "Apologia," the Development Theory and Baur's Church History, the Theory of Experience and Ritschlianism—each subject including the contribution of various parties to the debate—make up a conspectus of a highly diversified field. The main difficulty, as Dr. Oman remarks, is to fix upon the right point of view for an estimate of the net result, and to this Ritschl, so far as he follows Kant, is helpful. It is Kant whose fixing of the seat of authority within effected, as has been said, a Copernican revolution in philosophy, though he left a dualism between God and the world for his successes to eliminate—a dualism to which Dr. Oman seems needlessly reconciled. In summing up the controversy he finds its issue to be a vindication of the absoluteness both of faith and of freedom. The ideals and purposes of individuals have an absolute worth which societies and institutions cannot transcend. Only as we are free can absolute conviction come into any life. (The Problem of Faith and Freedom in the Last Two Centuries. By John Oman, MA., B.D., D.Phil. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

Historical Reprints

This is the third volume in the valuable series of reprints now being issued under the general editorial supervision of Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, director of the department of historical research in the Carnegie Institution, the purpose being, in Dr. Jameson's words, to provide "a comprehensive and well-rounded collection of those classical narratives on which the early history of the United States is founded." The editor of the present volume, Rev. Dr. Burrage, has for the most part gathered his material from Hakluyt, the collection embracing, in addition to accounts of the voyages of Cartier and Drake, the Hore, Hawkins, Gilbert, Barlowe, Lane, Grenville, White, Brereton, Pring, and Popham relations. Thus the student is afforded an intelligent view of the first discovery and settlement of the Atlantic coast from Florida to Newfoundland, and will find his understanding of the quaint, old-time narratives greatly forwarded by the notes and introductions provided by Dr. Burrage. It seems a pity, however, that room was not found for the Ribaut, Laudonnière, and Le Moyne narratives, having to do with the early and ill-fated French settlements in Florida and South Carolina. Even though it is necessary to exercise the greatest critical caution in perusing these, they are undoubtedly valuable as well as exceedingly interesting, and are particularly valuable for the information they give with respect to the customs and manners of the Indians. (Original Narratives of Early American History: Early English and French Voyages. Edited by Henry S. Burrage, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3, net.)

The Journal of American History

We have been attracted to the first number of the first volume of the new quarterly with this title, first, by its extremely pleasing and one may almost say sumptuous appearance, and, secondly, by the fact that a public service is rendered through such an undertaking. Its form has certain unusual features which are both interesting and ingenious. For instance, in this number there are printed in color reproductions of the first flag to float over American soil (the red cross of St. George, planted at Labrador by Cabot in 1497), the first flag to float over permanent settlements in America (the flag of the Mayflower in 1620), the flag of Cromwell and Charles Second, the first flag of Colonial Secession, the first flag of the American Republic, and the first flag of American Expansion (that to which two new stars were added in 1795 for the first new States). The flag as it is to-day is furnished also separately, very prettily made in silk, with instructions as to where it should be placed in the book. The magazine contains a large number of articles; too large, in fact, to make mention of the individual articles desirable

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further than to say that, besides strictly historical subjects and portraits, there are included papers relating to the Lee centenary and the Longfellow centenary, and pictures and poems about pioneer life in America, country life in America, and old-time book-lovers. The quarterly comes to us from the Associated Publishers of American Records, and is printed at New Haven, Connecticut.

The Lamp of Sacrifice The author of this volume of discourses on special occasions is widely known as the editor of a great religious journal, the British Weekly. He has acquired distinction in literary work and as an expositor of the Scriptures. The pen of a ready and vigorous writer is easily recognizable in his pages. Equally so is an intensely evangelical spirit. Dr. Nicoll is more strongly attached to older modes of theological thought than literary men in general. He is indisputably right, however, in holding that many representatives of Christianity fail to measure up to the Old Testament type of religion found in the Psalms. It is an aggressive, militant religion that he stands for, declaring that it is "the first duty of many Christians to make their homes among the poor, and until this duty is more generally fulfilled progress will lag." Such utterances give significance to the title of this volume. (The Lamp of Sacrifice. By W. Robertson Nicoll. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

A Mediæval Saint One of the earliest and closest companions of St. Francis of Assisi, who used to call him "The Knight of our Round Table," was Brother Aegidius, better known to English readers by his Anglicized name, Giles. An uncultured man, but full of shrewd common sense, touched both with humor and imagination, he was pre-eminently an embodiment of the genuine Franciscan spirit of piety and humanity. The present volume treasures his "Golden Sayings," held in highest esteem by the Roman Catholic Church, and introduces them by a brief sketch of his life. It is well worth reading and reflection by Protestant Christians, often too content with discarding the ascetic form of mediæval saintliness, and too neglectful to replace it by a form of piety as impressive on the present age as that was on the past. (The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi. By Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson. The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia. $1. Postage, 6c.)

Science and Theology In this volume an eminent German divine, recently a Court chaplain, addresses persons reared in Christian faith, whom the exaggerated pretensions of certain scientists have on one side drawn to suspect Christianity, and on the other side to suspect science. He reasons with them to show that they are alike mistaken; that the alleged warfare of science on religion does not occur within the proper domain of science, but only in the field of philosophy—which is certainly true. Taking up successively the subjects of Creation, Providence, Prayer, Miracles, and the Person of Jesus Christ, he argues that science and religion nowhere collide, and that the Christian view is entirely compatible with all proper claims of science, to which he makes large concessions. His theology is generally of a liberal evangelical type, though his brief reference to the heavenly "intercession" of Christ is cast in the archaic form. Philosophically he views "monists" as all of them Haeckelites—a strange misrepresentation. On the whole, it is a useful book to credit to a country which has sent us too much of the contrary kind. (The Scientific Creed of a Theologian. By Rudolf Schmid, D.D. Translated by J. W. Stoughton, B.A. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $1.50, net.)

Stories of Plot and Adventure No man in our generation has written of adventure in a wider and truer sense than Mr. Stewart Edward White; for, as distinctly and powerfully as any other writer, he has made readers feel the terror and mystery of the Far North. For his best work Mr. White needs a big background of forest or of open country. In his latest story, "The Mystery" (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, $1.50), written in collaboration with Mr. Samuel H. Adams, he takes to the sea and carries his readers through adventures which, for novelty, breathless suspense, and blood-curdling audacity, must be ranked with the most astonishing tales of the kind. The story of the professor who ships on a beautiful schooner from San Francisco in search of a far island where he can carry on experiments with the most powerful destructives is told from beginning to end without stopping for breath, so to speak. Adventure succeeds adventure; climax follows on the heels of climax; catastrophe overtops catastrophe. In a certain way it is very well done; but it is a tour-de-force, not a piece of real writing; much better than most books of its kind, but not so good by any means as Mr. White can do when he writes of the things he knows under the compulsion of genuine and vital interest. "The Malefactor" is a frankly sensational story with little pretense to literary art but constructed with all that skill in development of plot and exciting interest of which the author, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, is an

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acknowledged master. In its way this story is a modern variant of the Monte Cristo motive. The hero, if he may be so called, emerges from prison with a secret which enables him to make millions and with a firm intent to avenge himself on those whose wickedness has exposed him to unjust suffering for ten years. He trains himself not to exhibit the slightest emotion, sentiment, or kindliness. How he deals with his enemies and what part he takes in life itself are questions worked out very cleverly and in such a way that it would be quite unfair to the prospective reader to forestall the author's narrative. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.) Still a third book of this general class is Mr. H. Marriott Watson's "The Privateers" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, $1.50). This is a crude piece of preposterous sensationalism, quite unworthy the author of "Galloping Dick." It has action in excess, but no real imagination, while the supposed American speculators (their war to gain the hand of an English girl, who is, unknown to herself, an heiress, furnishes the object of plot and counterplot) are like nothing in nature.

Letters to The Outlook

PRIVATE RIGHTS IN NIAGARA FALLS

With your kind permission I would like to correct a misapprehension on the part of the writer of the considerate summary of Secretary Taft's Niagara Falls decision in your issue of this date.

With some apparent reason the writer has assumed that the Committee of Experts named by the Secretary is "to advise him what changes can be made by the Niagara Falls Power Company" to relieve the lower Niagara gorge of certain offensive aspects on the American side. This is not so. The Niagara Falls Power Company is not in any way responsible for the objectionable conditions, nor is it held to be so by Secretary Taft. This will be seen upon a more careful reading of his decision.

On the contrary, it has been recognized and acknowledged by all familiar with the facts, notably at the public hearing, by Professor John M. Clarke, State Geologist, speaking for the preservation of the Falls (and also by Secretary Taft in his decision), that the Niagara Falls Power Company was and is entitled to credit for the character and the conduct of its works and their setting. This pioneer company has spared neither pains nor expense to give to its works a noble and dignified aspect, which has been the subject of general recognition and commendation.

At all times since its organization in 1886 this company has been equally anxious to avoid impairment of the scenic grandeur of the Falls. At the hearings, and everywhere, without dissent, it has been conceded that neither the operations of this company nor of its subsidiary, the Canadian Niagara Company, would have appreciable effect upon the flow either of the American Falls or of the Canadian Falls. Any detrimental effect would be due to installations and operations begun after, and independently of, those of the Niagara Falls Power Company.

Whether your writer is justified in his conclusion that the work has been stopped without "doing injustice to the power companies" is matter for discussion if not for denial.

In the *uncompensated* destruction of the riparian and statutory rights of the Niagara Falls Power Company, the Congressional action has inflicted a tremendous injury, which between private persons would be deemed an injustice. Perhaps it is to be included as the latest of what were called by Ouida "the immoralities of the law"—spoliations which estimable citizens would justify for the public, though never for themselves. Doesn't that seem like an insinuation that, in support of supposed public interests, ardent advocates are in danger, as sometimes corporate agents are supposed to be, of failing to regard the rights of others?

In this particular case the only Constitutional warrant for Congressional action must be sought in the grant "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States." Therefore the Burton Act has been made to rest upon the pretended purpose that it is to preserve the navigability of Niagara Falls, and the quality of the Niagara River as a boundary! Of course this pretended purpose is a sham, as much so as any of the shifty devices sometimes imputed to the trust-makers. Naturally enough, the promoters of the Burton Bill felt no confidence in the power of the Congress to enact a law which, if entitled truthfully, would have been exclusively "An Act to preserve the scenic grandeur of Niagara Falls." This title would have expressed every purpose really intended or desired by the framers of the bill; it would have been also the epitaph of the bill, for the Federal Congress

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cannot legislate merely to protect scenery within the boundaries of a State.

Thus it results that a sham, perhaps too opaque for judicial scrutiny, but nevertheless a sham, is the sole authority for this attempted impairment of rights of the Niagara Falls Power Company. However, it does not also result that the company must acquiesce in the conclusion expressed by your writer that no injustice has been done to the company. Its devastated rights rest upon foundations which can be shaken only by a force which may shatter also the upper and nether millstones of countless owners of mill rights throughout the country. It would be a mistake to assume that the property of the Niagara Falls Power Company was received by gift from the State of New York, or that it lacks the guarantees of ownership attaching to water rights generally. The water rights of the Niagara Falls Power Company were and are those belonging to it as owner of twelve hundred acres of upland and nearly three miles of water front of the Niagara River. These rights and this property were acquired, not from the State, but from private owners, and were paid for and are held like any other private property. The State of New York by statute recognized and limited these rights of the company, but granted to it no property whatever.

The mere fact of Federal legislation has detracted seriously from the value of these rights; but that they can be impaired without compensation either by Federal legislation or Federal treaty is denied by constitutional lawyers of high repute.

I would not be understood as disputing the right of the United States to limit the importation of power from Canada, or the right to take the power plants on the American side for public use, upon making compensation therefor, just as is usual whenever private property is taken for a public park. The expense would be considerable, but this should not be avoided by spoliation. Indeed, I am not certain that in the promising development of storage batteries the accumulation of power during the hours of darkness would not repay the Government for its cost of expropriation.

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON.

[See editorial comment on another page.—THE EDITORS.]

CENTRALIZED DEMOCRACY

It may or may not be true that what The Outlook of January 26 calls a "Centralized Democracy" is the true way out of our present difficulties regarding some great social problems. It is possible that there is no danger of a monarchy in our present tendencies, though both of these points are open at least to argument. But a grave question underlies the discussion. Granting that the end may be a good one, and conceding that the motive for seeking it is the best, we still must ask ourselves, What of the means by which we are reaching out towards the end? Are these thoroughly good and just?

This, the second in the trinity of the elements of all moral questions, and one of the greatest importance, The Outlook does not seem to consider. The implication in the minds of many readers who do not stop to think on the subject will probably be that the means used to reach the end are entirely justifiable.

But suppose we are to be made into a "Centralized Democracy." How shall it be done? Shall we reconstruct our Constitution in the prescribed way, by formal amendment? Or shall we make it over by successive acts of Congress, the decisions of the Judiciary, and the action of the Executive? That, to many, seems to be the real political question before us.

But if we take this latter method, what will be the moral effect of it? Can we treat our Constitution, which we have held to be radically unlike the British Constitution, as that is treated, and amend it from time to time by a simple act of Congress? Or can we do it by straining its language so as to make it mean anything that will suit our purpose, without undermining the foundations of intellectual and moral honesty? It may be that our system of government, resting on the provisions of what Mr. Bryce call a rigid as opposed to what he calls a flexible constitution, is all a mistake. But even then we must, as an honest people, get back to the flexible in an honest and safe way. If we gain mere political efficiency at the cost of intellectual and moral integrity, we all see, or should see, that in the end we have lost our soul. In short, is there not a moral issue underneath the whole question that we must face in the clearest manner? And are we not in great danger of obscuring this moral issue in our eagerness to attain a desirable object? This seems, to at least one of your readers, the most important of all the questions to be asked and answered in our discussions of the way out of present difficulties. Mark Twain and the North American Review apparently fear that the moral conditions created by the attainment of a Centralized Democracy are the very ones which make a monarchy possible.

On the political question of the centralization of our democracy a great deal, of course, can and should be said. The proper

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adjustment of the powers of the municipality, the State, and the National Government to the best advantage, forms a living issue at all times in a society that is growing, as all societies must grow while they live. Let us not ignore that problem by any means. But let us, above all other things, keep in mind the need of so doing our political work as to keep true to the great underlying regard for the fundamentals of political and social morality.

SAMUEL W. DIKE.

Auburndale, Massachusetts.

[The changes now going on under a liberal construction of the Constitution are not greater than those accomplished under Chief Justice Marshall in the last century.—THE EDITORS.]

THE CORPORATIONS AND THE PEOPLE

In your issue of January 12 Judge Grosscup seeks a remedy for the evils resulting from the corporation form of proprietorship in the business world. A remedy presupposes a disease. It seems to me that the Judge follows rather closely those who assert, or imply in their assertions, that there is something *per se* vicious in a corporation, or, at any rate, that because some corporations are viciously conducted all corporations are vicious. It is a mere commonplace to say that the difference between a corporation and a partnership is not nearly so great as Mr. Bryan, for example, would have the voter believe. In view of what follows I may be pardoned for illustrating: A, B, C, and D own respectively one-half, one-fourth, one-fifth, and one-twentieth interests in a manufacturing concern. So long as they conduct their business as a partnership the interest of each member of the firm cannot be transferred without much inconvenience. They form a corporation with capital stock of, say, $20,000, and the partners receive, respectively, certificates for $10,000, $5,000, $4,000, and $1,000. Now a single signature will transfer an interest. Of course I do not wish to be understood as stating that this is the only advantage which can be gained by the individuals in the transaction. Furthermore, I would emphasize the fact that because the State has been asked to step in and create a new legal body, it has the undoubted right—and it is its duty—to prescribe and enforce the conditions under which it will grant our partners the privilege of becoming a corporation.

I am not, therefore, differing with Judge Grosscup in so far as he suggests the adoption in the United States of certain principles which have accomplished satisfactory results in restricting the formation of corporations in Germany. I simply raise this question: Has not the distinguished Judge diagnosed the disease as more prevalent and more virulent than it is?

He says, "The clerk in the mercantile establishment no longer looks forward to an individual career—he is the employee of a great corporation." Individual careers in business and labor have become almost obsolete. "The salesman looking forward to ownership is no more." "There are now no proprietor artisans, no expectant apprentices." These are astounding statements. If the Judge has correctly gauged the breadth of his premises in reaching such tremendous conclusions, then we are certainly mortally sick as a nation, too far gone for any medicines to do good. What are the facts? Certain immense combinations have been formed which are grouped under the unmeaning term "trusts." In a very few lines of manufacture such combinations have been able largely to influence, possibly even control, both the price of the raw material which they use and the price of that which they produce. It is to be noted, however, that such combinations operate, *i. e.*, *manufacture*, in only a very limited number of cities. At such points the conditions mentioned by Judge Grosscup obtain in large measure. Enormous department stores have sprung up which, because of their large capital, economies in operation, and able management, undersell and often drive out of business the small merchant. But such establishments can operate only in the largest cities, and even there by no manner of means monopolize retail business. What about the thousands of smaller American cities, country towns, and villages? I live in a city of 35,000 population. There are many corporations there, but they are all such as I have described above, owned locally—with the exception of the public utility corporations—and certainly they are innocent. There is not a contracting carpenter who employs more than twenty-five or thirty men. There is no blacksmith shop where more than half a dozen men are at work—in every case the proprietor being one of these. Of the several machine and repair shops, one is owned locally by a corporation in which the superintendent, who has risen from the ranks, is a stockholder, the others by firms or individuals, and so on through the whole list of business enterprises. Any carpenter, blacksmith, bricklayer, machinist, who has the worth to rise above his fellows may establish an independent business to-day with no more limitations upon him than there were forty years ago. WHY NOT? The mere fact that a butcher in a

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smaller city—or any other—buys his beef, the blacksmith his steel, the implement dealer his harvesters, from the several trusts which are popularly supposed to control the manufacture of such products does not limit the opportunity of these men to enter upon individual careers. Until some one can point out to me some method by which the steel trust or any other trust can and does paralyze individual thrift, restrain ambition among men outside of its immediate sphere of action and not in its employ, I must believe that Judge Grosscup has not only overstated facts in the larger cities, which probably gave him the basis for his generalizations, but has almost entirely misunderstood conditions in the business world—by far the larger business world—elsewhere.

I simply do not understand how the statement can be gravely made that "in the new industrial life, though the savings have largely increased, the people invest *for themselves* little if any of their savings." Such may be the case to a limited degree in trust-controlled cities (if any such there are), but if there is anything these terrible trusts or Chicago department stores can do to prevent a man in the city where I live, or in any like city, from investing his savings, or discourage him from so investing, in the stocks of a considerable number of trading corporations, in a shop of any sort which suits his fancy, in a home, in anything that his father invested in, then I can only say that to discover this condition is far beyond the power of the average mind.

HENRY N. MORRIS.

AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON

During the past week there has been on trial in St. Louis a young man who was, until recently, receiving teller in the United States Sub-Treasury. He was accused of embezzling $61,500, and was acquitted of the charge. Of that charge and acquittal this communication has nothing to say, only to call attention to several interesting and significant facts developed during the trial. First, the peculiar manner of handling Government funds. Employees of the Sub-Treasury had made a practice of taking out Government funds when in need of money, and giving a memorandum slip, called a "yellow," to balance the account. The Sub-Treasurer drew money against his salary "time and time again." There was no lock on the door of the teller's cage and no guard on the window outside. Other employees often went into the teller's cage, even when the teller himself was not there. Upon a recent occasion he had paid out $20,000 too much in a single transaction with one of the city banks—that of redeeming mutilated currency. He had paid $10,000 too little to another bank, and $18,000 too much to the third teller in the Sub-Treasury. These errors were discovered and rectified later.

Second, the conduct of the defendant after he "discovered" his shortage. He deliberately undertook to conceal the shortage for an indefinite period, his excuse being that he thought the money would turn up somehow or somewhere; he did not tell his superiors about it or notify the banks, as he had done at once in previous cases of shortage; he covered up the shortage by a false entry in the gold certificate account, because the money would not be so easily missed among bills of large denomination; he got the money from his friend, the paying teller, when he found that the chief clerk was going to check him up, and returned it to the latter's cage when he was absent. This return of the money was noted by the chief clerk, who checked him up again, and thus discovered the shortage. Although it would seem that every man who is in a position of trust is bound to give a reasonable accounting of the funds intrusted to him, the defendant only said, "I do not know; I cannot say where it went." Inasmuch as he has been acquitted, the loss falls upon the Sub-Treasurer; therefore a bill will be introduced in Congress asking for the relief of him and his bondsmen. If this passes, the public will foot the bill.

Third, the private life of the defendant and some of his associates. After investigating the defendant's habits, the chief of the secret service reported that he had been for a long time in the custom of visiting certain resorts, buying wine and spending more money than his annual salary of $1,800 justified. The defendant replied, "I didn't spend more than I got. I am one of those fellows who can make more noise with a five-dollar bill than others do with twenty dollars. We fellows in the Sub-Treasury always appear to have lots of money, and I'll tell you how it is. When I wanted money, I took it from my cash and put in a 'yellow' which I could take up when I returned the money or when pay-day came. I am pretty well known around town, and you know how it goes. Some one says, 'Come, let's have a drink,' and then it's all off." It developed that he and the paying teller, who so kindly loaned him the $61,500 when he was to be checked up, were in the habit of "having a lunch together, then drinks at several places, then hiring a carriage and 'going down the line,'" not being able to remember the particular houses

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they visited, however. The judge remarked at this point, "I don't think this evidence of the defendant going down the line, as you call it, is competent unless the Government shows extravagant expenditure. *Hundreds of men do the same thing every day.*"

The above facts are simply a few bald statements from a mass of similar evidence, and the sole purpose of presenting them here is to afford your readers a brief glance, though a most unpleasant one, of the loose business principles and lax morals of "hundreds of men," of their total failure to realize the obligation every man owes to his fellows, the obligation to be honest, decent, and manly. These facts might well provide the text to a thousand preachers, teachers, and parents for a practical sermon on clean living.

SAMUEL M. COULTER,
(Professor of Botany, Washington University.)
St. Louis, Missouri.

ANOTHER CAUSE OF RAILWAY WRECKS

The American Juggernaut rolls on, the pall of news of awful railway wrecks continues, the trail of gore both widens and lengthens, no adequate excuse or reason is given for the grievous wrong, and the gruesome surfeit grows rather than lessens. As a railway traveler I have crossed the continent from ocean to ocean, and from the Assiniboine in the north to the Gulf and the Rio Grande in the south. I have been in wrecks, and helped carry away the dead and care for the injured. I am "kid" enough to want to jump off at every stop and see things, and know pretty well what is going on in railroading. I am pleased to count among my warmest friends railway superintendents, managers, and train-despatchers; I am not unfamiliar with the heroes of the cab and the caboose, and I know many of the trials of the section boss and his men, and have a large sympathy for all.

My profession and work are those of a physician and pharmacist, and have been so for a third of a century. Travel is my enjoyment and diversion, my recreation. I can endure the mal-odor of the smoker, but I prefer the purer air of the platform if need be. I am not prejudiced against the habitual smoker, and recognize his right. From what I know of the infirmities of humanity and have observed of their deviations from norm, I am persuaded that if tobacco was eliminated by those who manage railways and trains, greater precision and safety would be attained, the human factor of error and frailty would cease to a great extent, and fewer wrecks result and fewer lives and limbs be sacrificed. Every treatise on chemistry and therapeutics, every botany and every dictionary, as well as every standard authority on the subject, classes tobacco among narcotics; a narcotic is a substance that puts partly or wholly to sleep, that stupefies, lessens the sense of responsibility, lures the subject to ease, and makes him or her indifferent to duty. Let readers look up the words *tobacco* and *narcotic;* see if an individual under the influence of such a substance can be as apt, as responsive, as one who is free from its bane.

Science has measured the speed of transmission of nervous impulses in the normal individual, and their responses are known: what they are in the tobacco-stupefied has not been experimented on; but if railway managers will make this test among themselves and their employees as carefully as they do those for impaired vision and hearing, they will find that the tobacco habitué's quick responses are not at all comparable with those of the normal man.

The crowded mile-a-minute schedules of competing roads and of these hurry times demand that every man's faculties be at normal at least, and not depressed or debased by any drug habit; when this is so, man will be found superior to any block signal or any automaton.

The train-despatcher's office at the division end is usually as full of tobacco smoke as is the prairie grade crossing or switching station or the mountain hamlet's five by nine office, where the weary and lonesome occupant dwells amid a Stygian atmosphere of soft-coal smoke, kerosene oil, and oil of tobacco; the engineer takes the throttle while his system is saturated with his morning pipe or cigar; the conductor tosses his stub away ere he dons his blue and gold and takes his final order, his mind dazed with nicotine. The triumph of mechanical skill in the engine, the reliability of the roadbed, are not to blame; perfection here has attained its acme, it is believed. But man, their creator, benumbs himself, and as such is no longer master of time, space, or substance; stupefied with tobacco, he can conceive no initiative, has no resources in the presence of impending danger, is too slow to act in emergency, he cannot arouse his nicotine-paralyzed nerves quick enough to act in response to electric click or the rushing speed of a mile-a-minute "flyer," and pain and death and ruin follow, and the Associated Press again palls.

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